

HAVERHILL.

LONDON:
MARCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT.

HAVERHILL;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF AN

OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF WOLFE.

BY JAMES ATHEARN JONES.

"Glory's pillow is but restless if
Love lay not down his cheek there."

Werner.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

T. & W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.

1831.

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THE work which I here present to the reader may be divided into three parts, each having, with the connecting link of a chief actor, its own set of *dramatis personæ*.

In the first volume my object has been to present a full and faithful picture of American manners and customs, as they are found amongst the lower classes in that country.

In the second volume I have aimed at giving a true account of the expedition in which General Wolfe lost his life. I cannot be supposed to have escaped all errors,—

such are inseparable from historical narration,—but I have done my best to make the volume a faithful chronicle of the events of that campaign, so glorious to the character though fatal to the life of the principal personage.

In the third volume I have endeavoured to impart the information which a five years' residence in slave-countries has given me of the actual condition of those upon whom the British Legislators of the year 1831 would bestow freedom. Those remarks are appurtenant to a narrative of the rebellion which took place amongst the slaves in Jamaica, in 1760. In giving these sketches, and detailing these facts, I disclaim all party views, my only object being the dissemination of truth, and the removal of the veil which prejudice and the ill-directed efforts of mistaken philanthropy have cast over the actual condition of the negro and the character of the master. I have no interest

whatever in the question, except what arises from a feeling similar to that with which Jaques regarded the hunted stag in the forest of Arden. I am no advocate for slavery: I deprecate its introduction into the Western world,—I deprecate its continuance there, but, made aware, by my own experience, that emancipation of the negroes cannot take place, I would put the question immediately to rest, by stamping a legislative disapprobation upon a discussion so injurious to the West-India proprietors and the interests of the British empire.

My work pretends to neither beauty of language nor graces of style; it rests its claims to notice simply upon its truth—when it sketches manners; its accuracy—when it relates facts. I can only say that its beauties, if it have any, are mine; that the faults, which I know it has, are also mine. Not a proof-sheet has been seen by another than myself and my printer. I have no apology

to make for the story or the sentiments ;—as far as they go, I ask no favour ; but, when I remark that my ill-health compels me to reside, for the greater part of the time, at a considerable distance from town, and where there is much difficulty in communicating with the printer, I trust that a lenient judgement will be passed upon the errors, obviously those of haste and inadvertence.

The American reader will, doubtless, recognise in Judge Danvers a late celebrated American jurist, and in Timothy Dexter a gentleman not less renowned in the American mercantile than the other was in the legal world.

London, April, 1831.

ERRATA TO VOL I.

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never exceed three pages. In this instance I shall compress it into as many lines, and proceed, at once, to my proper theme.

The history of my family is briefly this. My ancestors, for a great many generations, followed

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LONDON, April, 1851.

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HAVERHILL.

CHAPTER I.

I NEVER could see the use of a long courtship, a long sitting over wine, and a long introduction to a story. I would have a courtship never to exceed a week, I would limit a sitting over wine to an hour, and the prefatory matter to a story should never exceed three pages. In this instance I shall compress it into as many lines, and proceed, at once, to my proper theme.

The history of my family is briefly this. My ancestors, for a great many generations, followed

the employment of fishing at Queenborough, in the county of Kent, in merry old England. My maternal grandfather was named Holmes, he was whipper-in to some great man, but I forget who. They were very poor; it may be remarked that they who follow this pursuit are always so. From the time of those who were made "fishers of men" to the moment I record the fact, they have been proverbially born and nursed in poverty, and have died in poverty. I do not believe there ever was one of this profession who came into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth, or went out of it in consequence of contracting indigestion, the gout, or any other of the distempers which are imbibed from the "bad air" of wealth. It is a remarkably healthy employment, and one which causes, which originates,—I mean—I don't know what I mean,—but I know there are abundance of fine, plump, roll-about babies in fishing towns,—indeed it promotes, physiologists and political economists say, the "superfecundity" of the species to such an alarming degree, that if all were to pursue it, the world would resemble a well-filled theatre, but as to making money of it, or turning a penny into

five farthings by means of it, I do not believe the thing was ever done. I can entertain the idea of a man's making a fortune by selling oysters or cow-heels, but not that of his acquiring riches by the quest of mackerel, or pilchards, or cod, or whiting.

My grandfather was the first of the family who, to the employment of taking fish, added that of purchasing those caught by others, and selling them again. After dealing largely in this commodity for near twenty years, he became, in consequence of attempting to monopolise all the fish at Billingsgate, at a season of unusual plenty, and consequent gradual depression in price, a bankrupt, and was registered as such in the court which has cognizance of these matters. He paid a very large dividend, however, tenpence in the pound! I say large, for I am assured, by merchants, that it is a very unusual thing to obtain more than threepence in the pound from the effects of "unfortunate" men. The creditors of my grandfather were so delighted with his honesty—so the old gentleman told my father, who told me, that they gave him the "whitewashing document" at once,

and he departed from their presence a "redeemed and regenerated" man. I could never tell why it was that so honest a debtor, one who had so readily "shelled out" to his assignees, a trader who produced day-books, and journals, and ledgers, and exhibited invoices, and all that sort of thing, could never get credit afterwards. Jack Reeve, an old friend of my father's, but Jack was a slanderous fellow, used to say it was because that while he produced so many books, he kept back the Book of Sales, and "bills receivable." One thing is certain, that he never could get credit after his bankruptcy. The very men who had complimented him upon his integrity, though they gave very civil, obliging answers to his applications for "goods upon time," never trusted him again. There was never a bill or "I. O. U." of my grandfather's signing, at least, to be valued above a round O, seen in Queenborough thereafter. And the nickname they gave him—"Tenpenny John,"—had it any connexion with the dividend, and was it meant to imply a fraudulent bankruptcy? I know not, and my grandfather, when questioned as to its meaning, never gave a very satisfactory answer.

Indeed, his explanation was rather a queer one, for he insisted that it had reference to some transaction in the kind of nails, which, from having at one time been sold at tenpence the pound, came thereafter, to be denominated "tenpennies." I believed the story, as in duty bound, for he was my grandfather; but I am not sure that I should have considered it authentic had it been told me by a stranger, or one that I hated.

Finding there were no means by which he could support his family, with his diminished resources and undone credit, he determined to see whether the first might not be improved, and the latter resuscitated in the American Colonies. He packed up the various moveables susceptible of exportation, and unburthened with a duty, amongst which were a wife and ten children, put them on board a ship at the Nore, and set sail for Boston, on the 7th of May, 1679. Where does my reader think he fixed the place of his future residence upon his arrival? Let it be recollected that he had a continent before him, and might *locate* himself upon any mile of a marine border of near a thousand leagues. Had he determined

to spend his days upon Martha's Vineyard, or Nantucket, or Block Island, or at Squam or Sag Harbour, or Chincoteague, or Wapping's Creek, there might have been some small excuse for him; but when I say that he chose Cape Cod, the very tip of the Cape, impudent as military life has very naturally made me, I should blush were I to offer a vindication of his choice. Mariners are aware, if landsmen are not, that Cape Cod is the very region of hurricanes and tempests, another "Cape of storms"—at certain seasons of the year a more boisterous spot than any other to be found in North America. But there is no accounting for taste—especially this of my grandfather's.

Having a strong predilection for the calling which had been that of his ancestors, for near two hundred years, he embarked in a quest, which though not of pilchards, was still of fish, and in so far a reinstatement of himself in his former vocation. He toiled very hard, but though he could not say that he caught nothing, he could have made oath that he caught only enough to keep his family from starving. For a long time it was his fate to receive from the deity who distri-

butes the goods of fortune, a sufficiency of bread and meat, coarse apparel, pure air, and sweet water, but the further aid of his reluctant patroness was doled out like parochial charity when the wardens of the parish chance to be its proprietors. He did, however, every thing he could do, and the gods, it is said, are satisfied when their subjects exert themselves to that degree. He had half a dozen sharp, long-sided boats built, which he caused to be manned with Nickersons, Bassets, and Nyes, the three names which people the Cape, and these he despatched upon the occurrence of every pleasant and not "over-blowy" morning between the 1st of March, and the last of June, to the neighbouring ledges and shoals in pursuit of cod, haddock, and mackerel. He did not, in person, dare the strife of the elements, but at that season abode altogether on the land, it being reckoned his part of the business to "head," i. e. behead, disembowel, and salt the fish, carry them to market, and perform the other duties which followed the taking.

In process of time, he came to be an owner in some fishing vessels of the description called

“chebaque boats,” which sailed as far as Newfoundland and Labrador, then reckoned adventurous voyages. To this more extended business he added another—the keeping what, in common language, is called a “grocery,” though the phrase “grog-shop” were the better one, and is that chiefly used in America to designate a retail trade in the cheaper kinds of spirituous liquors. It is true he kept fish-lines, hooks, seine-twine, oars, boat-warps, and other things wanted in his business, and it is also true that he kept a few “knick-knacks for the girls,” but his chief hopes of thriving were founded upon the application of the cup to his neighbour’s lips. Undoubtedly he might and would have acquired a fortune—they have frequently been made in the unholy vocation, but he was prevented by the unhappy facility for “chalking up,” afforded by a fair and smooth wainscoting of deal board which lined the interior of his salting-shed, and was the record of scores innumerable, unintelligible, and untranslatable, minuted down with extraordinary care and attention, but scarcely worth the time and chalk employed upon them. Ninety per cent of the amount

was not worth a farthing at the time the debt was contracted, and the balance was lost from remissness in collecting. So, notwithstanding the yearly rubbing out with a wet towel of the more doubtful of the charges, and the scoring up to better men of the amount, my grandfather, poor old man! was seldom able to make the two ends of the year meet without their snarling at each other like an ill-assorted couple, or a pair whose match was a love match—I mean a run-a-way, cant-live-without-her love match. To day a Nickerson ran off, to morrow a Hallet “swore out,” as the phrase is, when a man releases himself from his debts under the operation of an Insolvent Law, and by means of an oath—God have mercy on many of those who take it; and perhaps within a week a Nye pleaded the distress of his family, “children often compelled to go to bed supperless,” “wife just ready to lie in,” “doctor Smotherum took the last farthing” &c., and was forgiven a balance of five pounds,—a small matter to a large trader, but of considerable importance to a small one like my grandfather.

There was another, and a still greater drawback

upon the profits of my grandfather's business—it was this: that he was himself a very thirsty man, a very sand-bed for absorbing liquids, and could empty a bottle of Jamaica rum with the most hardened sinner of a drunkard between Cohasset Rocks, and the sandy Point of Monamoy. He needed considerably less than the temptation of good fellowship to join in every drunken frolic in the neighbourhood. Wherever toppers were met, my grandfather's good natured, burly face was sure to be seen—the “hail-fellow-well-met” of the tipsiest—the very prince of low debauchees. His voice formed a prominent part in every drunken glee or catch trolled of a winter's evening in the fishing hamlet of Scudderville. When you passed my grandfather's “grog-shop,” if you heard one voice rising in all the beauty of tipsiness above the deafening choir of revellers, you might venture to swear it was his. And if, when groping your way, at a late hour, upon a dark night, in one of the sheep-walks which led from the congregated groceries on the shore to the cluster of cabins on the hill, you jostled a reeling explorer of the same dubious path; or if you met one taking a lesson

in heraldry—that is adopting *supporters*, you might venture to call him “Tenpenny John,” and more than half the time find yourself right. So, what with leakage—by a legal vent, and “tare and tret” (the sugar used for toddy, and scored up to the—town-pump,) and insolvent estates, and costs of judgements rendered in his favour! and *nihil* returned upon *fi. fas.*, and *non ests* upon *ca. sas.* and sustained *non assumpsits*, *nil debets* and *non oneraris*—phrases I learned of my lawyer, my grandfather found his affairs in the state of “gradual improvement,” which marks the concerns of most of our literary and beneficial societies. Indeed, but for the assistance he received from his children, he would certainly have been in for a second white-washing. His seven sons were all healthy, industrious, and active, very expert fishermen, and ready to turn their hands to any thing whereby a penny could be earned. Equally ready were the female part of his family to lighten his labours, and promote his interests. They were seven in number—a wife and six daughters, all remarkably hale and robust, and quite as capable of making a breeze out of doors as in.

According to the custom of the fishing districts, they were employed, by him, in the various labours which follow the landing of the fish. He also attempted to initiate them in the mysterious characters and figures on the aforesaid wainscoting, but in this he totally failed. The enlistment of the daughters into the "curing-service" enabled the sons, amongst whom was my father, to devote themselves to the more pleasant though more laborious part of the profession, the drawing the fish out of the deep. By various twists and turns, my grandfather contrived to find food for fifteen mouths, and to pay the king's taxes, and the church assessments. Withal, as he grew older, he became less fond of rum, and then his eldest son, who kept the shop after my grandfather's eyesight failed him, was left-handed, and could not make figures, so gave no credit. Upon the whole, his affairs, under the joint administration of grandmother and uncle Ichabod, rather improved during the last five years of his life.

CHAPTER II.

BUT the law of our nature which demands the divorce of the spirit from the flesh which is doomed for a while to enshroud it, was at length made to operate upon the aged man. He died on the very day that my father became of age, leaving nothing to his children but the forty thousand tangrams, or puzzles, upon the wainscot, intended to represent his credits, and double-damned post obits. My aunts, fancying that nothing could be made of them, applied a wet towel to the entire surface, and though the executor, my uncle Ichabod, afterwards covered as many square feet with scores against the estate of deacon Milliken, recently deceased, and that of John Frost, the rich blacksmith, I do not believe there ever was fifty shillings collected of all the debts due to the testator. Happily the children, thus left unprovided with

money, received a vast inheritance of health. Being used to buffet with hardships, they saw nothing to make them very unhappy in a fate which admitted of their being but little augmented. They thought themselves sure of food and clothing, and their narrowed hopes looked for nothing more.

And now came what, in America, is called the turning out, by which is meant the departure of the sons from the "old house," the flight of the covey from the nest. I do not mean to be understood that this event is usually deferred until the death of the father; it is not—from ten to sixteen, being the age at which, to use the vulgar phrase, the brood leaves the hen, and that whether the father is living or dead. But my grandfather had managed to keep all his children around him till the day of his death, an error which parents very often fall into, whose heads are not strong enough to control their hearts. It is a killing kindness in a poor man to keep all his children around him, at an age when they should be up and doing. I do not mean to recommend to parents the kicking their children out of doors, but, in my opinion, it

were far better they should do so than to "tie them to their mother's apron-strings" till they have arrived at a mature age.

Upon the decease of my grandfather two of his sons continued the business of cod-fishing, the others, with the exception of my father, adventured into the great world. My uncle, Nathan, took the town-school at Squam, Obed went to the flourishing town of Holmes's Hole, and opened a bookstore, and Eleazer married a perfumer's widow at Sagharbour. Lot sailed from Boston to the Mediterranean as seaman in a merchant-ship, and pursuing his business with steadiness, and obeying, with alacrity, the tasks imposed upon him by his superiors, soon rose to command the ship which he had entered as a subordinate—in truth, became the lion and "swear by" of the family. I never knew exactly what pursuit my father followed for the three years next ensuing my grandfather's death; but from my knowledge of his disposition, good man! I am sure it must have been that which afforded the greatest ease, and the most leisure. Probably he wrought for the neighbouring farmers on light tasks to the amount of his subsistence,

and "did jobs" for squire Nye, or doctor Nickerson, to the value of the coarse fabrics required to protect his body from the proverbial severity of the Gulf-storms and Cape-hurricanes. Nor am I able to furnish even an epitome of the history of my six aunts. I recollect, however, that the eldest, Peggy, made a runaway match with a methodist parson; and that the fourth, Debby, was a sad girl, and troubled the parish officers more than once. I have understood that three out of the remaining four married respectably, and that the fourth never found an "Ebenezer," but remained a rent-charge on her two brothers at the Cape, for more than a thousand years—I mean by their reckoning. It is past telling what troublesome sticking-plasters these unmarried sisters make, when they get past forty. They generally lead a devil of a life. I hope I shall never be a maiden aunt.

When my father had attained the age of twenty-four years he gave proof of more than ordinary wisdom in resolving to choose another and better place of residence. He carried this resolution into effect, leaving the boisterous Cape, and its resolute, enterprising, and hardy sons, and buxom and lively

daughters, for a part of the coast which offered greater advantages, and, as he drily remarked, was "better sheltered." He settled in the town of ———, a few miles from Salem, and very soon thereafter took a wife, Jenny Banks, second daughter of old captain Ben Banks, master and owner of the chebaque boat, Loving Couple, (so called because he and his wife were never known to quarrel less than three times a day). Immediately upon his marriage, he proceeded to do as his father had done before him. He built a small house upon the very verge of the ocean—so near the water, that the spray of the surf was thrown by winds of more than ordinary violence against his windows, and the sea-gull, tracing the devious course of the strand, came within point-blank shot of his door. He now commenced the business which had been that pursued by our family for centuries—fishing, a part of the year, of cod upon the neighbouring shoals, or remoter George's Banks, and the remaining part of fresh-water fish, and oysters for the metropolis of the colony, Boston. His name will be long remembered among oyster-takers, from his having been the first to spell August

with an r—Augurst, by which he evaded the law against taking oysters in months which had no r in them !

He adopted other unwise customs, common to my ancestors for many generations past, such as the begetting numerous sons and daughters before he had provided for their support and maintenance, a practice against which I enter my solemn protest. He took the unhappy augmentation of mouths, I mean of the *number* of mouths, all in good part however, and upon the receipt of the fine, plump, little boy or girl, which made its bow or curtsy about every April, usually between the tenth and seventeenth, was sure to exclaim “ the more the merrier,” without the disheartening qualification of “ the fewer the better cheer.” To tell the truth, and I have more than once intimated as much, my father’s hopes were never very high—he never looked to be made a general, or a judge; never hoped to see his children “stuck o’er with titles, or hung round with strings.” A plenty for them to eat and drink, with health and tidy clothes, no matter how much the latter were patched so they kept out the weather, and he was

perfectly happy ; to see them eat a mackerel apiece was his " chief good." I grieve to say that so simple and perverse were both he and my kind mother, that I am persuaded they often went to sleep entirely unconscious of any reasonable cause for regret or sorrow, and without wetting either cheek or pillow, when they had sent their children to bed laughing and romping with no other supper than a plentiful one of boiled codsheads, or roasted mackerel, or herrings, with a cup of ginger, or sage, or pennyroyal tea. " Let him have *more* if he wants it," or, " take it *away*, or he'll kill himself," was the only piece of advice, with regard to our eating, ever given by one parent to the other. I never in my life heard them say " he ca'n't eat this" or " that," or " it isn't good enough for him." And, strange to say, notwithstanding the want of the cakes, and sweetmeats, and jellies, with which affluent and sensible mothers feed their children to strengthen them, and so make Goliaths and Anaks of them, we grew up healthy, strong, and robust, the heartiest, noisiest, and most mischievous family of children that ever taxed a father's industry or a mother's

patience. " Pictures of health, but devils for roguery," was the brief descriptive sketch of the juvenile part of the family, supplied by one who knew, if any one did, Mrs. Moggy Lambert, who kept the village-school for small children. John, my eldest brother, being, in the phrase of the village, the " heifer's calf," was, for a time, a little puny, and had small appetite save for a nice smelt, or a plate of fried oysters, or a fin of a hallibut ; but he recovered his health, and was a man grown by the time he was fifteen. James, the second son, was, also, I have heard, a tender baby, but he went through his tothing remarkably well, and after he was weaned throve like a Moorish bride fed upon *cuscusu*. It fared equally well with Jane, and Sally, and Nabby, and Timothy, and Michael, and myself. There was not a healthier family of children between Nahant and Pemmaquid than my father's. Disease, by which I mean fevers, and that sort of thing, was unknown in our house. We were, to be sure, occasionally visited with troublesome cutaneous disorders, some of which are common to rich and poor, and others supposed to visit the habitations of the poor only. And

there was a gloomy narrative of scalds, burns, and bruises, written, by my sister Jenny, the family historian, in the blank leaves of the bible, the psalm-book, and the spelling-book. Sometimes you would see one of us, cross as Lucifer with the tooth-ache, or grinning horrible with the pain of a bile or blister. Sometimes a head-ache would afflict, or a rheumatic pain rack the bones, or a troublesome fit of cholic ensue from eating too many clams or crabs, but these were small matters—light affairs, mere trifles, evils which did not lead to that greater evil—a doctor's bill, and were seldom productive of worse consequences than a sleepless night, perhaps a couple of them, and a brief devolvment of the household cares upon my mother. These evils, as every body knows, are not to be classed with the evils of human life—rather, perhaps, to be accounted among its pleasures.

CHAPTER III.

UPON the coast of New England, and I believe it is the same on every marine border, that class of population is the healthiest who live in the immediate vicinity of the ocean. The individuals composing this class are seldom afflicted with any mortal disease excepting old age, whilst those who dwell at some distance from it, and yet not beyond the point where its saline qualities are lost in the air, are afflicted with fevers, and subject to ailments the former know only by name.

I was the third son and fourth child of my father. From my cradle I was the stoutest and, beyond comparison, the most agile of the male members of the family. When I was eight years old, I could, and frequently did, whip Jack, by four years my senior, with little trouble, and throw Jem with one hand. In fact, with the exception

of my sister Jenny, who was the lord, or rather the lady paramount, of all the wrestlers of the village, sovereign in a foot-race, pre-eminent with the bat, the greatest jumper, lifter, &c., there was not my match to be found for the various sports in which my sister excelled, and in which youth so love to indulge. And the same superiority was obtained in most of the other pursuits, which depend upon mere physical energy and resolution. There were points, indeed, in which it was adjudged, that I must "knock under" to my brother Timothy. "Timothy could salt cod much better and faster than Lynn, and Jemmy could head and split two to his one." My courtly and polished readers will smile at my unambitious phraseology, but it must be remembered that mine is a story of humble life, in the humblest of its many vocations, and my family and my associates in early youth were of the lowest origin, and most stinted education. To tell the story of my early life, I must speak in the coarse dialect, and use the simple and unpolished language of those by whom I was surrounded. "But when," they continued, "the boat was to be rowed out against a right smart

sow-wester, or steered on shore through a dangerous surf, or worked to windward by short hanks, there was not Lynn's match to be found any where." This was my kind father's opinion, and it was echoed by all our neighbours and acquaintance who did not fail to see, in the "curly-headed knave," as they good-naturedly called me, the promise of great future usefulness in their line of business.

"I'll wage a peck of oysters," cries one, "that fore he's twenty, he brings home a larger fare of fish from Labrador or the Bay than any skipper 'twixt Hyannis and Mount Desert."

"Ay, so he will, neighbour Findlay. There is a terrible sight of spunk in that boy. I dare be bound that he'll cut a figger amongst us afore he's ten years older."

I heard these auguries of my future fame with a beating heart and a glowing cheek, for my hopes were then bounded by the profession of my father, my youthful soul could look no higher than to be distinguished in that pursuit. I should not be half so elevated at this time by an election to fill the chair of the American Presidency as I was

when selected, in my thirteenth year, to fill a vacancy in Mr. Smith—John Smith's boat of picked fishermen. To be made the companion of Lem. Clark, and Phil. King, and Eb. Pease, and, above all, of Harlow Crosby, who could "tend four lines in sixty fathoms of water," ay, and mate with them, *i. e.* receive an equal portion of the fish caught, was more than I could well bear:—it did for me what flattery sometimes does for a beauty,—spoilt me, at least, for a while. I gave myself great airs among my brothers, sisters, and play-mates; took to puffing cigars; wore my hat upon one side of my head; tied a handkerchief, stuffed with cotton, vulgarly called a "pudding," around my neck, so as to envelope my chin; affected consequence in my gait, and became, upon the whole, so haughty and ungovernable, that my father was compelled to adopt the mode of reproof which parents are, in general, very loth to adopt, till expostulation is found of no use, and threats have ceased to intimidate.

"Lynn," said he, "I see how it is; you must go with me to the barn."

What my father did when he got me there, I

shall never tell. I could have borne any other punishment unmoved, but the disgraceful one he thought proper to inflict, filled me with grief for a month. It cured me effectually, however. I deserved it, for no British midshipman of twelve, or American "master of arts" of eighteen, ever carried more official hauteur and superciliousness than I did upon my appointment to this seat in a fishing-boat. Nor should this excite wonder. The general at the head of an army of half a million, Alexander at Issus, Tamerlane at Angora, Cæsar at Pharsalia, who has succeeded in tearing the diadem of empire from the brows of an opponent, of equal means and valour, derives not more pleasure from his victory, nor is more inflated by his success than the simple husbandman who has carried away, from a dozen competitors, "the Society's medal for a prize ox." Beauty, glory, wealth, strength, with every other quality, physical or mental, are but relative terms—wonder not, then, at my simple ambition, and the cheap terms upon which my self-complacency was satisfied. If my readers will recall to their memory the blissful period of early youth, they

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will find that joys as simple as mine, and hopes as easily satisfied, were the gems in its cup of felicity. Then, to excel in whipping a top, or driving a ball, were overwhelming acquirements; to be allowed an extra hour of play, or an unexpected holiday, were worth any week's enjoyment of the period between twenty-five and forty. Delightful period! our life should be all such, for then existence is decked out with the robes of the rainbow:—

No care assails our bosoms, such as when
Our infancy is passed, and we go forth as men.

It was not alone on the ocean that I found employment, and acquired renown. The ordinary business of my father occupied but a small part of the year, and, even in the most active season, was frequently interrupted by those tempests and hurricanes which are common on the coast of New England, in the spring and autumn. When I could not go fishing, by reason of high winds, when the air was too damp to lay out those caught, and partly cured upon the “flakes” to dry, and when the season for fishing was past, I went to labour for the neighbouring farmers, always

commanding the first call and the highest wages, because I worked with unreluctant sinews. I spared no pains to please, and literally wrought with both hands. "If I can't get Lynn Haverhill, *then* you may come," was the invariable answer of the farmers to applications for employment in their fields.

"The lad Haverhill does the work of two ordinary men," said Judge Danvers.

"He is the most faithful boy I ever knew," said Doctor Gamaliel.

"I take a great interest in Haverhill's third son," said the Reverend Mr. Hatch. "I wonder," continued the latter, "if old Mr. Simon thinks of keeping him in his present line of business? I must talk with him, at some convenient time, on the subject. It would absolutely be a sin to keep a youth of his promise tied down to a cod-line, and a boat-kedge. O! he is a noble boy."

"You may well call him so," said old Mr. Zeb. Hillman; "I never saw such a boy. The day I had him in my potato-field there was a third more work done with the same number of men than there was on the day after he left us."

Few thanks gave I to the friendly eulogists who counselled a change of vocation. As yet, I could conceive of no higher honour or greater usefulness than was to be found in the calling of my father and ancestors. Had one offered to transfer me from John Smith's boat to Eton school I should have laughed at the proposal.

If my employers in the field and on the water gave me unqualified praise for my industry, there was one man with whom I came often in contact, whose opinions and reports were little to my credit, and this was the schoolmaster. He assured my parents, and every body else, that I was the greatest dunce in the colony, and I believe his opinion was grounded on sufficient premises. Not that he imputed to me want of natural talent—no such thing—he attributed the small progress I made in learning to my extreme inattention, recklessness, and love of fun. “I don't know what to make of him, or what to do with him,” said he; “but it is mischief, mischief, roguery, roguery, from morning till night. When I go to prayers, ten to one when I rise from my cushion, if I don't leave my wig upon the chair to which the rascal has tied it;

and if I attempt to smoke in a pipe which has laid a single minute unnoticed, or if I do not carefully beat it out before I use it, I am sure to find it filled with powder, and go off like a rocket. I am certain there never was his equal for roguery since the world began."

The schoolmaster's suspicion of the cause of my making so little progress in learning was perfectly correct. I hated books; it was not without much difficulty that I was coaxed as far as the trisyllabic page of Dilworth's spelling-book, or made to sort the letters which went to the spelling of my own name. I had, as I have said, an inordinate love of boyish recreation and frolic, a disposition which could scarcely be checked by labour, much less kept under by the restraints imposed by the pedagogue. It was a kind of overflow of health and animal spirits, a bursting by the latter of the shackles put on by those whose vivacity had been sobered by time, and who could feel no sympathy with the gay boy. That is a strange feeling which leads us, when old age has stolen upon us, to find sensible pleasure in checking the current of youthful joys, and in fastening a gray

beard upon a downy cheek. Yet so it is, the more age chills our own feelings, the greater appears our anxiety to transfer a portion of the withering influence to those by whom it is yet unfelt.

There was far more pleasure for me in mischief, and so I followed it in preference to poring over dictionaries, and "readers," corderies, and copy-books. I could go three miles to nail up Jemmy Clevelend's windows and doors, or to fasten a board over the flues of an old negro woman's chimney, or to roll a cart-wheel, in the dead of night, down a steep hill, against Ben Stewart's cabin, and throw my whole soul into each task; but I hated the sight of a book, and the sound of one reading was purgatory to me. I have been five miles in a dark night to elevate a pole with a marine flag at the end of it, upon the high cliffs of Wabsquoy, that it might be mistaken, the next morning, for a stranded vessel, and so attract crowds from far and near. I was the leader of the press-gang, which went four miles to 'press' a poor old blind man into his majesty's service, and which only released him upon his sister's producing, for

our use, her ample store of pies and tarts. I could shoot wild-fowl, and track wild beasts, strike a ball further and more surely;—in running a foot-race give a tenth part vantage, yet reach the goal first: I could break a colt, or manage a pleasure boat, and do all these tasks with great ability and out of pure love; but my ambition went no further. They could not make me see the use of learning. No man could catch more fish than John Johnson, and he could not have counted to a hundred if the mines of Peru had been offered as a recompense. And old Mr. Isaac Smith, of Lumbert's Cove, who could tell a dog-fish from a haddock the moment it caught the hook, did not know the letters of the alphabet. The greatest quantity of fish ever brought from the Banks in one season was taken by Jo. Johes and his four brothers, who were the most ignorant men alive. So I came to the conclusion that all learning was useless since the men I was most anxious to rival were enabled to achieve such splendid deeds without it. "We'll see, father," said I, in answer to my kind parent's expostulations with me for my idleness, "who catches most fish next year, Le.

Coates or I. He spelt some big long word yesterday—what was the word, Jack ?”

“Constantinople,” answered Jack.

“Spelt Constantinople, and went up to the head of the class, crowing like a cock. And yet put him on old Mr. Trapp’s colt, and see if he can sit there as I did, or let him try to beat a boat through Quickse’s river in a dark night—we’ll rest the matter upon that.”

My father, seeing that expostulation was of no use with me, gave over for that time, and suffered things to take their natural course.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT when two years more had put me upon a deeper train of thought, and a little sobered my boyish vivacity, and when a circumstance of a peculiarly painful nature, to be mentioned in another place, had enabled me to see the withering contempt, and hear the biting taunts and sarcasms bestowed upon ignorance, I betook myself, with an eagerness quite as unreasonable as my former idleness, to the acquiring of the knowledge without which a man may become good, but never great. I have before remarked that, from infancy, it had been my strong trait to pursue every thing I undertook with unconquerable ardour and perseverance. And now, at the very late age of fourteen years, and in stature almost a man, behold me seated upon the same bench with the "a b, *ab's*," the derision of those whom I had derided, the

scoffer scoffed at. But I commenced my long delayed studies with a determination to make up for lost time and misspent hours, and I succeeded in wiping off the disgrace. It took me some time to bring my mind to relinquish my old amusements and play-fellows, but at length such a resolution was actually formed, put in practice, and persevered in. I take pleasure in declaring that my pride was first roused, and my attention first drawn to books and learning by the sarcasms of a female, and that I was continued in the study, and afterwards confirmed in the love of these "mute oracles of truth" by the same lovely and gentle being. I shall never forget the hour when I made the unpleasant discovery that a pair of the brightest eyes that ever lighted up the human face were weeping from very laughter at my misspelling the word "*nose*—nose on your face," by spelling it as though it were the plural of the negation. I did not before think that I should feel so much chagrin at any gibe which did not tax me with being flogged by an equal in years, or otherwise rivalled in pugilistic or gymnastic exercises. I remember well that there was a loud and general

titter, which finally swelled into a deafening peal of laughter; and further remember, and shall never forget that, when I hung my head for shame, and tears rushed to my eyes, kind, good, sweet, little Mary Danvers looked up, with a countenance in which visible sympathy with my suffering and regret for having participated in causing it were struggling with a strong wish to join in the merriment which was pervading the rest of the school. It was her laugh which had vexed me; I did not care a rush for that of the others, having, in my own hands, the means of taking ample vengeance upon them. Jem Gordon and Saul Case, who had echoed, with emphasis, the master's exclamation, "O, the big booby!" and obeyed, with great delight, his command to "poke their fingers at me," I could flog with little effort, having done so a score of times, at least, and I proposed to myself, after school-hours, to try what virtue there was in stones, with several others of the laughing gentry. These were matters scarce worth a thought, however. But Mary, beautiful, kind, sweet-tempered Mary, the idol of the whole school, the pet of the "village," whose step was lighter than a

kid's, whose voice was sweeter than the music of all the choristers of the grove, whose face was always arrayed in smiles, who never said a cross word, or did an unhandsome action—she for whom, in the eggings season, I had climbed the highest trees in the forest; to save whose pet lamb I had ventured into the jaws of Captain Tobin's cross dog, Growler; and for whom I had threaded so many miles of sea-coast in search of a "Portuguese man-of-war," because she had expressed a wish to see one—to have her join in the laugh, to see her ruby lips display the pearls which lurked behind them, made my very heart ache. It was the closing lesson of the day in which my pride received its wound—and a fortunate circumstance it was, for I could not have restrained my tears much longer, and should have incurred further ridicule by weeping in the presence of the whole school. I stole out of the house in great tribulation, and with my spirits so completely paralyzed, that, for once, I stifled my thirst for vengeance, and concluded to defer flogging Jem Gordon and stoning Sam. Davis and Saul Case till a day of renewed energy.

In ill-regulated country schools there is usually

a strife to see who shall first leave the school-house, and as much hustling takes place as there does among a crowd of London pickpockets on Lord Mayor's day. On this day I made extraordinary exertions to get out, not so much for the honour of mastery, as to avoid Mary. Hitherto it had been my invariable custom to wait at the door until she had adjusted her cloak or her shawl, as the season demanded one or the other, and put on her bonnet and gloves, that I might lend her my assistance to cross the rude bridge thrown over the neighbouring streamlet. To day I made no pause, but I heard from the noisy crowd of giddy urchins behind me shouts of "the bridge, Lynn, the bridge; help Mary Danvers over the bridge," coupled with other cries of "nose—nose on your face," and mixed with the noisy remonstrances of the few who kindly clung to my fallen fortunes, and defended me from the taunts and reproaches so liberally showered upon me. But I was fleet of foot, almost as fleet as a wild colt, and soon left both friends and foes far behind me. I could see them, however, for minutes after I had ceased to hear them, throwing their caps and

hats into the air, with as much joy at my discomfiture as a nation of the old world would have testified for the death of a tyrant—or the birth of one.

As the usual road to my home was much too public for one labouring under a consciousness of deserved disgrace, I took an unfrequented path which would screen me in some measure from observation. It was true it led over a morass, an almost impassable morass, but what were bogs and quagmires, wet feet and fevers, to meeting Mary, or hearing the dreadful sound “nose on your face.” I proceeded in this seldom trodden path till I came to the edge of the bog, and then, secure as I thought from interruption, gave myself up to grief. It was not an usual thing for me to shed tears; the last three years, boy as I yet was, had not witnessed the occurrence half-a-dozen times, but now I shed them as plentifully as Niobe, or Rachael weeping for her children. I had wept long enough to get somewhat tired of the pastime, and, with swollen but dried eyes, was amusing myself with making a hedge of whortle-berry bushes around an ant-hill, when a soft voice, which never spoke but it sent a thrill of—what? I am

sure I could not have told then, I only knew it was sweetly painful—through my bosom, whispered at my shoulder “Lynn!”

I looked up hastily, and there stood Mary Danvers. I was not well pleased to be caught in this situation, with the traces of tears on my cheek, and so idly employed; but there was something in her countenance and more—I knew not what—in my own heart which forbade my showing a sulky feeling. And, then, had she not come a long way out of her own path, and dared snakes, and toads, and bats, and jack-o’lanterns, and other things which a girl of eleven by no means looks upon as trifles? My pleasure at finding myself the object of such deep interest to the charming little girl was very great, nor was I practised enough in deceit to disguise it.

“You are angry with me, Lynn, because I laughed,” said she, her bright eyes glistening with tears, and her cheeks glowing with blushes; “but I could not help it. I am sorry I laughed. If it were to be done again I would sooner cry than laugh.”

“I know you could not help laughing, Mary,”

said I. "I do not blame you for laughing. I am, as they say, a great booby," and my tears flowed in spite of my endeavours to control them, and my sobs became deep and frequent. "You need not be sor—sorry that you laughed; to laugh at a—at a—booby is what no one need be ashamed of."

"Ah, but, Lynn, why will you not strive to sink that name in one which shall mean and sound something better? It is a bad word—'booby.' It is, believe me, quite as easy for you to acquire a name for learning as for ignorance; you may become as celebrated for your industry and good behaviour in school, as you have been for good behaviour, barring your mad pranks, out of it. Read and study as you work and play, and you will soon become a great scholar. The same diligence which has caused you to be first in whatever manual pursuit you have undertaken, exerted upon books, would place you at the head of your class in a very few weeks, at the head of the school in a very few months."

"I cannot learn, Mary."

"You will not learn, Lynn."

"No, I cannot learn."

"Did you try?"

"Yes," and I held down my head, sheepishly, with a fear of being probed further.

"When?"

"Last—Monday.

"Thought, may be, to finish your education by Tuesday night, We'n'sday morning at farthest? Oh, Lynn. But I will not add to your griefs. That you have made so little progress in learning is not because your Maker has withheld talents from you, but because you are—I don't wish to grieve you, Lynn, but I must speak the truth, a very idle boy, as regards learning, not in any thing else—oh, no, not idle in any thing else,—and spend in play and mischief—why will you do so, Lynn?—the hours which, properly employed, would, papa says, make a very great man of you, by and by."

"Mary," I asked, "did your papa say this of me? if he did, he's a kind old gentleman, and the next time I go into his meadows with the scythe, I'll cut so much grass, that he'll think Old Nick has helped me. But did he say so?"

"Did you ever know me tell an untruth?"

"Never. Oh, yes, I forget, once."

"Me fib, Lynn! how dare you say it?"

"You said that never whilst you lived would you forgive me for sending purblind Jo. two miles to shoot the rabbit-skin I had stuffed with straw."

"Well, I did wrong, I am sure, to forgive one so very wild and naughty, but I wo'n't repent of having done so now."

"No, don't,—but your father?"

"He was talking with yours the last time he came to bring us fish, and was questioning him about his children, how many he had, what they particularly excelled in, what were their dispositions, and many other things; for, you know, it is my dear papa's foible to appear to be ignorant of the condition of all who are not in the same sphere of life with himself. I did not hear much of what they said till they came to you, and then, by dint of elbowing, and at the expense of a reprimand from papa for my rudeness, I got near enough to hear all they said.

"And what did they say, Mary? I long to know."

“ Be very quiet, and don't interrupt me, and I will tell you. Your father said you was a good child to your parents, and so expert a fisher, that though you was not fifteen years of age, you 'went shares' with Harlow Crosby, and Jethro Ripley, and Henry Butler, and other experienced fishermen. Then says papa to your father 'sure you do not think, neighbour Simon,'—papa very seldom calls any body neighbour; he must be very good-natured when he does so—'you don't think, neighbour Simon, of tying that noble boy down to a fish-boat always, do you? He was born, I am sure, for something better.'

“ What did my father answer?”

“ ‘ Oh, I dont know,’ he said, ‘ Lynn hates books, and Mr. Kendall says he is the greatest dunce in the school. I fear he will never be any thing better than a fisherman.’

“ ‘ Pity, pity,’ said my father; ‘ if he would but take to learning, he would become a great man, by and by.’ Why will you not try to become that great man, Lynn?”

“ I am too old and big to learn now, Mary;—I am almost fifteen, and amongst the tallest boys in

the school. I cannot now undertake to master the contents of all the books which James Willis is studying: and then I am so big that I am ashamed to do it."

"No, you are not too old to learn now, nor too big, and as it is not expected that you will go, like James Willis, to college, you will not have, like him, to fill your satchel with musty old Greek and Latin books. Strive to excel in those branches of learning which will be of every day use to you; learn to read, write, cipher, (the curl of her little ruby lip hinted at the next word,) above all, learn to—*spell*, (she could scarce restrain her laughter, even whilst her eyes were full of tears,) and you may become a great man—no not a *very* great man, without other study or acquirement than these."

"How you can talk, Mary!" said I, unable to repress my admiration for what I conceived to be her transcendant powers of speech. "How did you get all this knowledge?"

"Oh, I have very little knowledge, but what I have I got as you must get it, if you ever get it, by study, hard study."

"And I—will be idle no more. From this day—"

"What?" she demanded, and her eyes glowed with the lustre of the diamond.

"From this day I will be idle no more. I will henceforward strive to acquire a character for industry in school as well as out of it. If I do not learn now, it shall not be for want of attention."

"Oh! I am *so* glad, Lynn," exclaimed the bright-eyed little beauty, shaking back the glossy ringlets which fell over her rosy cheeks and lily neck, and blushing deeply at her own eager joy, while she continued her delightful gossip, which I could have listened to for a century. "Now you will soon be at the head of the class."

"Oh, Mary, how can you say so? Just think where I am now—just recollect that I am a great booby, and see how small the chance is that I shall ever be any thing else."

"I recollect that you are now a great, very great booby, but I know you well enough to know that you will not remain so long. Your pride and ambition are awakened, and now we shall see you do wonders. Oh, I'm so glad—if I were the little

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bird upon that limb yonder, how I would fly! Well! I shall not get the "reward of merit" for going to the head of the class any more, but I don't care for that—indeed I shall be very glad to lose it to you. And you will soon 'go above' Jem Gordon, the good-for-nothing fellow, and Ned Dawkins, and Sam Davis, and all the laughers. Oh! I am so glad!"

"But I shall make very little headway* at first, Mary," said I, quite disheartened by the recollection that I now knew next to nothing—that, at the age of fifteen, I had literally to commence with the alphabet—to 'begin with the beginning.' "My first month will be a month of shame and sorrow."

"Oh, no, not so; the foolish and wicked may laugh, but don't mind them; the smiles of the wise and good will make up for their scoffs. And when you have beat them, then will come your time to laugh."

"To begin at words of two syllables!" I exclaimed, half mentally.

* "Headway," used generally in America for "progress," in England it is used only, in a naval sense, for the motion of advancing at sea.—Ed.

"That will be only for a few days. I—but you must not be offended with me—will teach you, Lynn."

"But will you, Mary! what, teach me all the beautiful things you know?"

"With pleasure. On school-days, we will study early and late at the school-house, and on other days when you are not at work in the field, or gone fishing, or when those labours are ended, you shall come to the great larch-tree, whose limbs overhang papa's garden, or to the stile."

"What, the stile where I found the little girl crying who had lost herself, and torn her frock?"

"Yes, the stile about which you tease me so much," said she, laughing and blushing, as the mention of this little incident never failed causing her to do. "But I had rather it should be the larch."

"And the larch it shall be, Mary."

"It is a sweet spot, but I need not say this to you that have seen it so often. The rivulet which meanders through our gardens, and gathers, at its foot, its sparkling little waves into a single channel, there escapes confinement, but its murmurs,

and fretting and scolding as it rolls over the bed of pebbles into the Great Brook, are not loud enough to disturb our studies, if we be truly intent upon them. Nothing can disturb those who study intently. I recollect when papa brought me home a new book, very full of beautiful pictures—I was not so old as I am now, to be sure, I did not know, till next day, that there was thunder and lightning whilst I sat reading and looking over it. And as for the sighing of the wind through the branches of the old tree, and the rustling of its leaves, and the creaking of its limbs, I always thought I could get my lesson much easier for such sounds. But, if either the stream or the tree disturb you, I will ask papa to let us sit in the summer-house, or, when the weather is cold or wet, in his study. He always says he loves to please his little Mary, and, besides, I am quite sure he will be glad to see his predictions of your becoming a great man made true."

The words of the prediction sounded so pleasant that I caused her to repeat them.

"And he jocosely told your father," she added,

blushing slightly, "that perhaps you would marry into some great family yet."

"I think I shall; I think I shall marry you, Mary," said I; "you would make a charming little wifey—that is, if you wo'n't get in the brambles again, and tear your frock."

"Oh, gracious me, Lynn! but you will never marry any body, till you have learned to—"

"Spell, you are going to say; but don't say it, Mary; I don't love to hear you say it."

"But will you come to the school-house?"

"Will I live?"

"I hope so."

"If I live I will be there. No,—yes,—let me think. Tuesday I work for deacon Reed; We'n'sday I am hired—no, nothing for to-morrow."

"You must come every day, when you can. I will teach you all I know, and I will be industrious myself, and get more learning, just for the sake of imparting it to you."

"Oh, how good you are, Mary. I wish Growler would spring at your pet lamb again, and then I

could do something to repay you for your good advice, and all you are offering to do for me."

" You may pay me without Lammy's incurring any danger. You may be a good boy, Lynn, and that will more than pay me."

" Ah, but, Mary."

" Ah, but, Lynn, I don't want any pay, so don't you offer any."

" Don't you remember how much, the spring before last, you wished to see a hum-bird's egg? Now, I'll tell you, there has been, for some days past, a hum-bird,—oh, the smallest bit of a thing you ever saw,—hopping about on the sprays at the Indian spring. I think she means to build her nest there. If she does, her eggs shall be yours, though it should be built on the slenderest twig on the topmost bough of the larch which overhangs it."

" Thank you, Lynn; but, really, I am grown such a great girl, that I am half ashamed to talk about a hum-bird's egg. Never mind, Lynn, you shall get them, and give them to my little favourite Ada Eden. The eggs shall be hers, but the thanks shall be mine."

My lovely little monitress now rose to go. I wished much to attend her, but she declined. I urged the approaching darkness, the owls that flitted at nightfall in the Great Wood, the big buzzard, which some said was Peggy Collet's murdered baby, and other difficulties, real or supposed, but she was positive, and set off alone. I followed her, however, keeping carefully out of her sight, until I saw her pass the Buzzard's Tree and the Great Wood with its birds of wisdom, and was sure that the jack-o'-lanterns were distanced, and bats not abroad, and then returned to my home.

I want words to depict the astonishment of my parents and brothers and sisters when they saw me, for the first time in my life, unbidden, take a chair by the fire, with a book in my hand, and busy myself, till a late hour, with studying the next day's lesson. The sheepish manner in which I commenced, together with the curiosity they evinced to know what had occasioned the change, and the odd ways they took to express their pleasure at the new direction given to my ideas, even now, when more than a quarter of a century has

passed away, never fail to excite a smile, chastened as my feelings are by the recollection of the many individuals of that beloved circle who are laid in the grave.

When I entered, my father was employed in mending a fish-net. I did not raise my head, but, going around upon the outside of the room, took the spelling-book from the shelf and, without looking up, drew a settle near the candle by which my father was working. He laid down his net, wiped his spectacles, and adjusted them again; my mother also laid by her work, and both surveyed me and my new occupation with intense curiosity.

"Why, look, Jenny," said my father to my mother, "if that isn't a sight then I wish you would tell me where I shall find one?"

"It won't last long; the fit will be off in a minute or two," said Jack.

"He'll have the 'stericks, I am afraid," said James.

My roguish little brother Michael made a pair of leather spectacles, to be used in my examination when I should have finished the lesson, and the

mad-cap Sally asked the nature of my occupation through the boat-trumpet. The old house-dog "Boatswain," waked up from his slumbers by the noise, came running to know what the uproar was about, and to have a share in it. But when they, dog and all, saw that their good-natured derision brought tears to my eyes, they were at my side in a moment, and, with kisses and pleading looks, besought my pardon. Fond but unavailing are my regrets for the many of that kind group who have fallen, to use an Indian metaphor, "like leaves in the harvest moon." Brothers all but one, gone, gone,—perished before my eyes by hunger, thirst, and suffering; my adored mother laid in the dust of a broken heart, my beautiful sister—but God giveth, and He taketh away, blessed be His name.

I did not retire to my straw pallet that night till want of sleep compelled me.

The next morning, I was at the school-house an hour before the master. Early as it was there was one there before me—my little preceptress. I found her seated, in anxious suspense, fearing my relapse from my virtuous resolution,

upon the master's desk, an eminence which enabled her to look down the path by which her newly engaged pupil usually made his appearance.

"Ah, now I have hopes of you, but I feared you would not come," she cried.

"And yet you know that, hitherto, when I have said 'I will do this' or 'I will do that,' I never yet failed, at least, to try to do it."

And now we commenced our first lesson. It was now that you might have seen us seated in the master's chair, which was just wide enough to hold us both—with a little queezing, but neither minded that; I with one of my arms around her little waist, and the hand depending on the other, employed, in conjunction with one of hers, in turning over the leaves of the book we studied. The "Assistant" was opened at a page folded down by her own little hand, and many truths, to her extremely trite, but to me fresh as the world to a new-born babe, were taught me from the science of numbers. She gave out words to be well 1, and explained to me what vowels, and nants, and diphthongs, and triphthongs, and mutes, and liquids, &c. were. Then I took

lessons in writing from her—the first “pothook” I ever made, the first sheet of paper I ever sullied, was under her direction. Do not think, gentle reader! that all these fine doings took place on one morning; there was little done at that time but to adjust the preliminaries, such as what we should do on Tuesday, and whether Wednesday or Thursday were the better day for spelling hard words, and resolving the doubts which spring out of a superficial acquaintance with books, and the anomalies of language.

Our lessons were repeated, each successive day, in the morning, between schools, and after the classes were dismissed at night, until my acquirements stood out in bold relief from my former ignorance, and my master began to proclaim me a prodigy.

“Deacon Phipps,” said the solemn pedant, “step this way, if you please; I have something to tell you;” and he drew the reverend presbyter to a considerable distance from the wondering people assembled to wait, at the church-door, for the parson.

The deacon followed him in silence.

"'Tis wonderful, surprising, strange," exclaimed Mr. Kendail, when he was out of the hearing of all.

"What?" asked the deacon.

"Never, in my life, did I see any thing like it, nor in my long and laborious researches into the classic authors—Deacon Phipps, I believe you know that I have a pretty thorough acquaintance with the learned Greeks and Romans?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Kendall, I have always heard so."

"Well, I will say that all of them put together cannot produce a parallel to this astonishing case."

"Bless me, why, what is it?"

"You know Lynn Haverhill, I think?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, three weeks ago he could not spell words of two syllables, 'baker', 'ladder', and the like, and now it would do your heart good to see him take a tug with 'phthisic,' 'cachexy,' and other hard dogs of that class. Well, I vow if they are not setting the tune, and you not in the deacon's seat."

My altered habits soon became the theme of the

village. I gave up play entirely, concluded a firm treaty of peace, and stipulated for a full amnesty, and oblivion of past offences with Jemmy Cleaveland, black Beck, and Ben Stewart, burned my bat, and sold my shooting gun. Books now afforded me greater delight than ever boyish sports had done. It is unnecessary to say that my progress in learning was great; for what will not untiring diligence, aided by a respectable share of talent, achieve? When one gives fifteen hours of the twenty-four to his studies, and dreams about them the remaining nine, it is hard if he do not imbibe a portion of their spirit. My little preceptress appeared to feel prouder than any one else of my improvement, and could scarce conceal her joy, when, in less than three months, I stood at the head of the senior spelling-class, and received, withal, the master's commendation for being the "best reader and the readiest cipherer in the school." And when he called me to him, and shook my hand, and named me aloud as a happy example of what diligence and resolution could do towards improving and fortifying the mind, amidst the voices raised to testify their joy at my

success, and concurrence in the praise bestowed upon me, that of Mary was, at least by me, the most distinctly heard. I am sure I never felt so much pleasure before in helping her over the stile and the bridge, as I did that night; and it may be mentioned, as another circumstance, evincing the peculiar nature of my feelings at the moment, that I passed the hours of a bright moonlight evening in repairing the hedge around the ant-hill.

CHAPTER V.

Two years more of my life passed away in the routine of duties which had marked its early period, during which never mortal exhibited greater industry than I did. Not an hour, or its tithe, was wasted in any idle pursuit. My old associates came often with stories of mischief to be done, of "huskings," "quiltings," and the like, at such and such a place, but these things had ceased to have pleasure for me: I seldom went, and never but to please my sisters. In the fishing season I was never missing from my father's boat, and I was a regular assistant in the periodical labours of the husbandman—at the times when it did not interfere with my regular pursuit. When occupied with neither of these duties it was my task or my pleasure to study—in or out of school, it made no difference which, since my application suffered

no abatement by a license to go at large. I missed my little instructress for a couple of months in the very depth of winter; but she was a bird of passage, and always returned with the daisy and the robin. Sometimes, when the weather was good she came to the school-house, even in winter,—a very fair day almost invariably drew her out,—but, being of tender health, she was seldom permitted to expose herself to the winter air, and had a tutor to attend her at home. This was a very unusual circumstance with any class of people, at that time, in New England, and created a great deal of wonder and village-gossip. The only schools then known were “town-schools,” institutions which were supported by a general assessment on the inhabitants, creating a specific fund, out of which the master was paid for his services, and the charges for house-rent, fire-wood, &c. were defrayed. A number of the most intelligent men in the parish constituted a “school-committee,” and this committee determined the number of children to be sent, and by whom they should be sent, taking care that the most indigent families should be the fullest represented. They were, in their original

conception, nothing more than charity-schools, but the general poverty of the people, and their dispersion over a large tract of country, combined to give them a character rather above that of mere eleemosynary institutions, by intermixing with the children of the poor the children of parents of a better grade. The influence these public or town schools has had on the American character has never been fully appreciated, if fully comprehended, by them. They have contributed more than any and all other circumstances whatever to keep up the equality which, theoretically, at least, is the keystone of that government. In those schools all ranks are intermixed, and intimacies are there contracted, which assist, on the one hand, in keeping down the proud, and, on the other, in exalting the humble. The effect of the assimilation, caused by this intermixture, of the children of the poor with those of a better condition, is felt throughout American society.

During the space in which I was deprived of the assistance of my little preceptor, I studied such books as she recommended, carefully passing by every page not pencil-marked by her own hand.

But neither the occasions for seeking her assistance, nor the opportunities for obtaining it were lessened by her temporary confinement. She could not, as I said, come to the school-house, so I was obliged to go very often to her father's house, to consult her upon various perplexities, which occurred to me in my studies, difficulties which thickened, and darkness which increased every hour. Sometimes I forgot the quantity of time in a colon, and whether the accent, in a certain supposed case, should fall on the penult or the antepenult: and my recollection of the spelling and pronunciation of words faltered, at times, most lamentably, so that I had very often to consult Coles, and Sheridan, and Bailey, the best editions of whose dictionaries were only to be found in the library of Judge Danvers. Then this same library was a treasure of history, and history was my delight—it was a study with which Mary had taught me to be pleased. I borrowed almost every book in the collection, read them, or found, or pretended to find, cogent reasons for not reading them, returned them, and sometimes borrowed them again for a re-perusal, or to find an oppor-

tunity for changing my former opinions of their merit and value, and hence of going back to declare it. There was no end to the pretexts I found, and the excuses I made for visiting this beloved girl. And when summer came, making the woods an aviary, and the meadows a carpet, peopling the earth, the air, and the water with shapes of beauty, and filling them with sounds of love, pouring a balmy serenity over hill and valley, field and dale, then we reviewed these studies, when my time permitted, upon the bank of the little rivulet, beneath the shade of the old larch. Mary was studying French, and though it was hardly in keeping for the son of a humble fisherman to aspire to the tongue of Racine and Molière, I ventured, for an obvious reason, to ask her to teach me that charming language. It did not require much persuasion to induce a compliance; I had to promise—in jest, however, for my habits of painful industry were well known, that I would be a good boy, “and mind my book,” and she consented.

Soon the intellectual loveliness of the human mind burst upon me in new shapes of beauty: I had been translated to another world. The various

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toils which my father's poverty imposed upon me—hard labour, both in the field and on the water—drenchings by the waves of ocean and painful tasks upon the land, always doubled on me, because I never complained, were rendered light by the thought that, when they were ended for the day, I could fly to the happy rendezvous, and though too late to read *Télémaque*, or *Pensées de Pascal*, yet be in season to be rendered unutterably happy by the soft tones of Mary's voice, and the touches, slight and almost imperceptible as they were, of her little hand. I learned to sing, too, and to play on the violin, and Mary sang inimitably. So we had concerts, in which we were assisted by the birds, which had nestled in the branches of our "tryste tree."

But this state of life was too happy, too much resembling paradise, to last. Mary grew taller, and, to my eyes, each day more beautiful; but there gradually came over her a change—if not of feeling, at least of conduct—which chilled my heart, as the keen air of a winter morning does a patient suffering from fever. She came, indeed, to our rendezvous, though not so often as before,

and she avoided me whenever she could. Once, whenever her eyes met mine, they glowed with pleasure at the encounter; at the same occurrence now they were quickly cast down, and her cheeks became suffused with blushes. Formerly, every meeting, even that which took place at the church-door, upon sabbath-days, was sure to produce the lively exclamation of "Ah, Lynn!" and "is it you, Lynn?" and "How do you do, Lynn!" accompanied by a good-natured smile, and sometimes by a shake of the hand. Sometimes she would find an opportunity to whisper some little piece of childish nonsense about "spelling words of one syllable," and what must be "thought of a boy who couldn't spell—nos—nose on his face." And then she would dart away playfully, holding up her little fist, scarce larger than a tolerably sized peach, in a sham menace of displeasure.

She had not altogether discontinued coming to our rendezvous; but when she came, and while there, her dread of somebody—I could not tell who, or some painful feeling, I could not guess its nature,—so disturbed her that my young affection, not yet known to me by the name of love,

whispered that I was doing wrong to court these interviews, now so productive of uneasiness to the lovely girl. From time to time I tried to inspire myself with resolution to say to her that, since they seemed to be the cause of regret, and to give her pain, it would be best to discontinue them. But when I saw her, and heard her voice; when that face, so surpassingly beautiful, was before my eyes, and those tones, so gentle, sweet, and affectionate, were sounding in my ears, it was more than I could have done, had a realm been named as the recompense, to speak of separation. I could not make up my mind to dash the cup of felicity from my lips "just yet," and remained silent. What my own resolution could never have persuaded me to do, was effected by hers, taxed to the act, as I learned afterwards, by the counsels or the commands of her mother. But of this hereafter.

In the meantime, I set myself down to discover the cause of the change in her behaviour, and of her visible and increasing reluctance to meet me. I had surely given her no just cause of offence; I had uniformly treated her with all the

respect I felt, and that admitted of neither increase nor exaltation. What could it be? I had not been idle—on the contrary, I had made greater proficiency in French than she had done, with all her acknowledged cleverness—indeed, if her praise was not flattery, “I did every thing better than she did.” I had not played a prank since I gave John Saunder’s children the pleasure of a ride in an ox-cart, and myself the pleasure of tipping them out in a deep mud-puddle—an old joke which took place more than three years before. What then had I done? At length I hit, as I supposed, upon the true cause. She had become proud, and deeming it beneath her longer to associate with, or receive upon a footing of equality, one so low and humble as myself, was preparing to sunder the chains to her cobwebs, but to me links of adamant which a long acquaintance—nothing more—had thrown around us.

I should have mentioned, as a strong trait of my nature, that I was, latterly, much given to suspicion. This unhappy failing, which grows out of extreme sensitiveness and the self inquiry, “what does the world say of me?” is a “fever at the

core" which dooms the possessor to more certain misery than if he were chained for life to the oar of a Turkish galley. No estimate of the misery endured, by a person who believes himself the object of dislike or ridicule, can possibly be exaggerated. He afflicts himself continually with the firm belief that he has done something—he knows not what; "if he knew," he says, "he should be happy, for then he could remedy it,"—which has caused the public—for he thinks at least half the world interested in him—to jeer or condemn. When he sees a friend approaching he assumes a haughty demeanour, expecting that he will be cool and distant, and thus sacrifices the friendship of those whose esteem he particularly values, by a supposed exhibition of pride and haughtiness, though in truth it is neither, but is alone the workings of suspicion. Lord Bacon has a fine chapter on this subject which should be read by all who are thus afflicted, though relief is seldom found, an effectual cure never.

I went on torturing myself with a thousand vain and foolish fears. It is out of my power to paint how miserable I became, in consequence of

suspicion. My days and nights were days and nights of sorrow and anguish; often I rose and went out, returned and sat down, or took up a book, read a page and threw it by, or borrowed a gun to go shooting, and left my ammunition, and, once, the lock and gunstick behind me: and thus, I would spend hours. Sleep forsook me, my appetite failed me; I found pleasure no longer in the books and studies I had so prized before, nor in the rural sports and exercises which were once my delight. At length I came to the resolution to see her, and ask her what was the cause of her estranged behaviour.

“ I will go,” said I, “ and ask her if she has, indeed, taught herself to think me unworthy of longer countenance, but I will speak in a mild, sweet voice. I should die to see her shed tears. If she says ‘yes,’ I will see her no more. I will go on board one of the King’s ships, or ‘list in the army, and may be get a chance to die by the side of a lord’s son; and then she will think better of me.”

I spent an hour of one of the finest August evenings that I ever saw in making myself

thoroughly miserable. There was a particular spot where I could call up a set of gloomier associations than elsewhere, and to which, when I wanted to be very wretched, I always went. It was a broad flat rock upon the top of a high cliff, which looked down upon the illimitable expanse of ocean. Upon this night I went thither determined to conjure up maddening reflections, and I succeeded even beyond my expectations.

CHAPTER VI.

THE mansion of Judge Danvers stood about a mile and a half from the ocean, and about the same distance from my father's cabin. It was fenced from the sea on the south and south-west by a chain of low hills, once clothed with stately oaks, a few lifeless trunks of which still remained, taxing the philosopher to account for their sudden decay upon the spot where our fathers found them flourishing in all their native vigour and majesty. For it is a curious fact, and one not to be accounted for on natural principles, nor with propriety to be attributed to the "prevalence of winds strongly impregnated with salt," that the first settlers—the pilgrims, as they are called, of the northern states of America, found both hill and dale, to the very brink of the ocean, clothed with a stately growth of trees, many species of which are not

now to be found within thirty miles of the spots where then they constituted the bulk of the forest. The naked hills and continuous arable levels which now present themselves at every point of the coast, and where the larch, the ash, and many other species of trees cannot now be made to grow, were then covered with dense and luxuriant forests, of which the above named trees formed a principal part. In the low grounds, upon the southern shore of New England, they frequently dig up the stumps of red cedar and other trees, which will no more grow in that particular spot now than the manchineel or palm. If we were permitted to give to inanimate objects the feelings and passions of human beings, we might imagine these venerable tenants of the soil to determine on death rather than witness the occupation of their home by strangers. We can half imagine the pathetic protests of the venerable elders of the grove against the scenes which the axe and the grubbing-hoe were enacting around them. We can almost hear the reluctant assent given by those who were young and had life before them to the meditated suicide—indeed, we can fancy the love

of life, natural to every thing, for a time prevailing over their resolution. They live on a diseased life, clinging to the earth with a convulsive effort, till the axe of the husbandman is laid at their roots, or death, in the shape of a high wind, prostrates them. A genuine poet would introduce a thousand picturesque little incidents to give effect to the last sad meeting of the woods, preparatory to their resolving on self-destruction.

The garden of the patrician landholder lay behind the house, and was, in truth, a copy of an English garden of the period. It contained a choice assemblage of rare and beautiful plants, exotic as well as indigenous, and was altogether on the liberal scale which his ample fortune allowed. Gardening had not been much studied in America at the period of my story—the middle of the eighteenth century,—a bed of tulips or a bush of roses was, absolutely, a curiosity. Judge Danvers had managed to collect together a greater variety of choice plants than was elsewhere to be found in the colonies. The botanical garden attached to the college at Harvard, Massachusetts, could not boast of half its variety.

And then its beauty. A pretty little diamond of a rivulet, fringed with wild grape-vines, alders, dwarf willows, and other adornments of a natural watercourse, meandered through it for the full space of a rood. Approaching the north-west angle of the garden, this beautiful little serpentine fell abruptly over a small precipice, forming a miniature cascade of singular beauty. After fretting and blustering for a few rods further, like a love-sick girl, never very seriously in anger at a swain, but half suspected of inconstancy, its pellucid little waves were gathered again to a single channel, and suffered to find an outlet at the foot of the old larch. Every thing which wealth, aided by taste, and the counsels of experience could do had been done for this beautiful spot;—it almost realized the splendid dream which Lord Bacon has made of a princely garden. Its jet d’eaux, statues, box trimmed into a thousand fantastic shapes, its nicely gravelled walks, and trelliced arbours, were a source of infinite wonder to the poor simple colonists. These and other things which a true lover of nature would regard with far less pleasure than the successful introduction of a

rare exotic, often drew curious crowds to the walls, or to gaze, in awful admiration, through the trellis-work. And when by chance the gates were flung open, exhibiting to advantage fringed avenues, a newly-cropped lawn, and verdant shrubbery, the shoals of gaping boys, who gathered to the cheap exhibition, would have astonished one not before acquainted with the intense curiosity which burns in the bosom of most Americans.

At the period of my history the *Flora* of North America had been but little studied—the vast treasures she possesses of botanical wealth had not then been revealed to the admirers of the most delightful of all the natural sciences. Yet the opulent and tasteful proprietor of “Pentwilly,” as I have said, had managed to collect a great number of rare indigenous plants. It would be going too far to impute the liberality he evinced in forming the collection altogether to love of the science. I am persuaded it was owing more to his pride and vanity, which found gratification in imitating a prevailing passion of the aristocratic classes in his native land, than to a natural love of the pursuit. Then, to have it spoken of as the “Englishman’s

garden;" supreme gratification! It is pleasant to be bruited by fame, though the burthen of her report be so simple a thing as the ordering of a bed of tulips.

As the name of Temple Danvers will appear frequently in this story, I will use the present occasion to say something of the man who bore it.

He was born in England. Distantly related to a distinguished noble family, and second cousin to a veteran tar who had several times, during the then last war, conducted a portion of the British marine to victory and glory, he was, through their interest, at an early age, appointed to an important judicial office in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. He had married an English lady, report said, a hostler's daughter, who, at his death, left "Miss Perditta Roanesteed" thirty thousand pounds or more. Of riches, she had, indeed, a very fair share; but her intellect was of the lowest order; her mind was a vacuum of all, save pride and ill-temper. I must not be understood to insinuate aught against her virtue, but she was a weak woman, and often made her

husband blush for her silly sayings, half-idiot speeches, and childish behaviour. The husband was of quite a different character from his wife. Haughty by nature and very overbearing, he was rendered still more so by official power, which enabled him to indulge his tyrannical disposition under colour of preserving due dignity and order in his court. He was, nevertheless, a man of powerful mind, deeply read in the history of his country, I mean of England, and perhaps the most profound jurist of his day. Though slovenly in his dress both in and out of court, often appearing on the bench in a coat soiled with dirt and worn threadbare, and a cravat and waistcoat begrimed with snuff, he yet affected great parade in his private living, and graduated his expenses upon a scale of extreme magnificence, that is, colonial magnificence. His equipage far surpassed any thing of the kind in the colonies, his domestics wore red collars upon green coats, and enormous cocked hats with gold lace an inch broad — altogether, his establishment was such as to create envy and uncharitable surmises. To use the New

England phrase "it made a great deal of talk," while it did not answer even the ordinary purposes of expense and show.

He was not beloved ; for what very proud man ever was ? yet he was exceedingly liberal in his charities and donations, for his knowledge of men had early taught him that the liberality of the great never fails to return them a handsome premium for the outlay. Neither violent in his friendships nor intemperate in his aversions, it could not be said of him, as it was of a deceased statesman whom he wished to resemble, that the "first drove him on Scylla and the second on Charybdis." He was the friend of no man farther than his own interests required, the enemy of no man after the slightest cause had been shown why his interests would be injured if he continued so. Remind him that he would "lose money by it" if he continued to entertain a pique against a particular person, and the next day witnessed an overture for a reconciliation. It is a happy thing to have our passions at all times schooled into diplomatic caution, yet not essentially praiseworthy if it result from a total absence of all feeling for our

fellow-creatures. It is, no doubt, proper and just that our benevolence should not be of too active a kind, nor our sympathy with the distresses and sufferings of men lead us into downright Quixotism. But God deliver me from the "hard of heart"—from those who only look at their fellows with a view to use them in schemes of thrift and profit. I place many degrees below the unreflecting debauchee the griping and grinding usurer, and lower still, in the scale of being, the breast devoid of social love and pity.

CHAPTER VII.

It was on a beautiful and placid evening, in the latter part of the month of September, that I found myself seated in the shade of the tree, of which mention has so often been made in the foregoing pages. It was just sun-set when I reached the hallowed spot. The sultry heats of the morning and mid-day had been succeeded by one of those sudden storms of thunder and lightning so common in the warm months on the shore of New England, and along the whole edge of the current of water called the Gulf-stream. Faint symptoms of the recent strife of the elements were yet to be traced on the clouds sinking away in the east, along whose dark folds there yet glimmered faint streaks of lightning, while that wonderfully sublime messenger of peace and love, the rainbow, shed its brightness over the

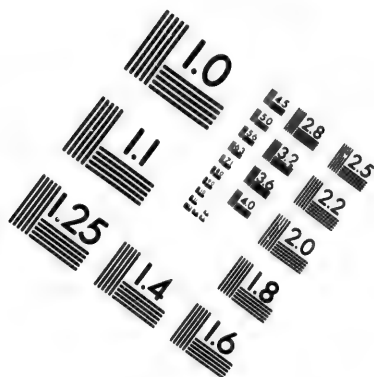
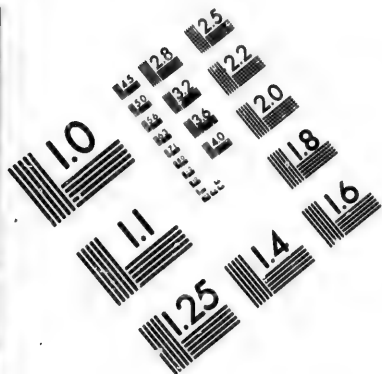
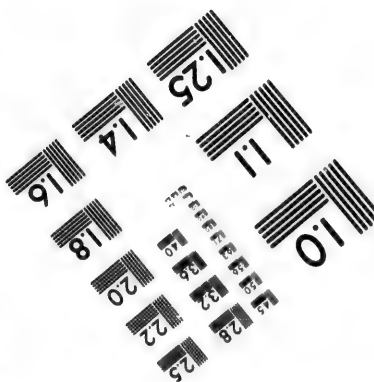
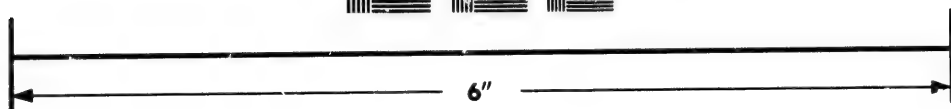
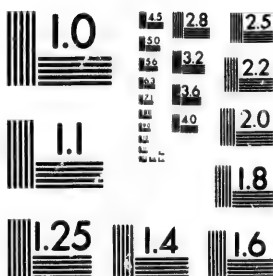


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whole east. I have in me just enough of poetry to give to the Iris the highest rank in the world of atmospherical phenomena. Even now, when I am grown old, and have had, not "three warnings," but a thousand, of the sure approach of *that* which is to release the imprisoned spirit from its fetters of clay, I gaze upon the rainbow with more delight and rapture than upon any other of God's works, beautiful, sublime, wonderful, magnificent as they all are. I cannot even now be induced to leave the contemplation of it till it has utterly faded away, till its latest hue, the emerald, is entirely lost in the cloud. In childhood, my admiration of its beauty was extreme. I used to sit for hours, on a little hill near my father's cabin, watching, with a throbbing heart, for the appearance of one of those fleecy, "double-headed" clouds, with a fiery blush upon it, which I soon learnt oftenest produced a shower, and thence was followed by "God's bow," set in the cloud, as a sign that the earth should no more be destroyed by water. The most terrific thunders ceased to produce alarm, for they were the precursors of the phenomenon I admired so much. When disap-

pointed of witnessing the splendid painting, my childish grief knew no bounds. I recollect that the only expedient to pacify me was to promise "I should have it again to morrow."

I had not seen Mary for three weeks. When I last saw her, her manner was so hurried and agitated, that I collected resolution enough to whisper of the "fogs, and the great cold which Drusa Benbow caught by being exposed to them." I had now much, very much, to say to her, matters of primary importance to speak of, communications to make upon various subjects, questions to put as to the government and agreement of certain French verbs and nouns, and whether "*ceinture*" in the proverb "*Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée*" should be translated *sash* or *girdle*! I wanted to sing to her the Scottish air I had just learned, and I—wanted to look at her eyes. I was also to hold a dialogue with her upon the aforesaid matters and things which was to determine, in some measure, the course of my future life, and whether it was now, or three years hence, that I was to become a soldier or a sailor.

I arrived at the rendezvous just as the sun was

setting. Filled with an indescribable feeling, I could not tell whether it was joy or sorrow, hope or fear, pain or perplexity; fluttering with an emotion which was neither happiness nor unhappiness, but entirely unlike that which is produced by the common distractions of human life, I sat down to await her coming, and employed myself in tracing out the proportions of a mighty temple in the western clouds, which were now lit up by the glorious splendour of the setting sun, and giving the same rich promise of the "goodly day to-morrow" that so buoyed up the soul of Harry of Richmond. I had erected, very much to my satisfaction, such a colosseum as I had seen in the picture-books, save that one of the columns wanted the "thing a top the post," or cornice, and had pulled it down to try my hand upon a pantheon, when I heard her voice, calling to me, from a low part of the wall, "Lynn!"

"Is it you, Mary?" said I.

She did not answer, but held up her little white hand to me above the wall, beckoning me to her.

"Why will you not come out, Mary?" I asked.

"Because mamma says I must not. I did not

know that I was doing wrong when I saw you so often alone, and without the knowledge of my parents. I did not know that I deserved to be scolded for it, but mamma says I did."

"Do you think the censure would have been deserved—in the opinion of your parents?—do you think the reproof would have been incurred, had you met James Willis in like manner?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, "and I am sure I never shall know, for I will never meet James Willis as I have met you."

"Perhaps you will change your mind."

"Never, but I cannot see you any more, Lynn."

"Cannot see me any more, Mary! Why cannot you see me any more?"

"I have told you why, and what mamma said. And she said—but I must not tell you what she said."

"I know what she said, Mary. She told you that I was the son of a poor fisherman, and you the only child of a rich and proud man, high in office, and allied to rich and great people. That you and I were now approaching that period of life when affairs of the heart take place, and Love

asserts his power, oftentimes to the utter prostration of a father's castle-building and a mother's manœuvring. She told you that as the son of Simon Haverhill could never marry the daughter, or, rather, the *heiress* of Judge Danvers, you must be kept from the possibility of contracting an engagement which must, by parental authority, be debarred fulfilment. Was not this what your mother said? But you need not answer me, for I know it was."

"Mamma could not have talked of my marrying," answered she, blushing deeply; "I am but fifteen, you know, and a few months more. But she said—it is best I should tell you what she said—'that I must not meet young men in the evening, nor, for the matter of that, by day-light either, alone, and in the fields.'"

"Not when you was only teaching me to read, and to write, and to cipher, and to rise a little above the humble condition in which God has placed me?"

"I told her so, but she said there might be other things learned at those meetings than how to read books; but I am sure I don't know what she meant.

I told her I had taught you to read, and you had taught me to sing, and then she shook her head, and said 'worse and worse.' And she said papa would be very angry if he knew that I met Lynn Haverhill alone, in the evening, under the old larch-tree, and sat with him, and sang with him, and listened for hours to his flagelet. She said she would not tell papa that I had done so, if I would promise that I would do so no more."

"There spoke the shrewd and cunning mother, fearful of the fisherman's son, Mary, (I said this with some bitterness). But there is a spirit of change in all created things, and this is the land in which that spirit oftenest elevates the humble and depresses the proud. Did you ever see the ruined house on Leader's Hill, on the great road to Boston."

"I did, and papa told me there were great folks lived in it once. He said he would tell me the story some other time, but I have forgotten to ask him for a fulfilment of his promise."

"I will tell it to you. The son of one of the proudest men in Great Britain died in disgrace and penury in that house. His helpless widow

and her orphan child found an asylum in the cabin of a man as poor and lowly as my father, and, by the sweat of his brow, she was supported for years. The son of their ignoble benefactor entered the armies of his sovereign, won glory and an earldom, and led back Lady Jane Eldingham into the circle of peers and peeresses, an envied object. Who knows that I may not prop the fortunes of a falling house yet? I have had bright dreams, Mary?"

"But dreams are fearful things, Lynn; oh don't be ruled by them," said she, anxiously.

"Call them visions, then. I have had bright visions, Mary, which have made me spring from my bed in the depth of night, and half fancy I had become a hero. There is a great war raging in the Old Countries, you know, and a glorious field opened for ambitious youth to shine in."

"But you will not embark in it, surely?" asked she, growing pale, as I fondly thought, with apprehension, and curbing her tears with difficulty.

"As sure as I am living I will."

"Oh, Lynn, but you will not cross the wide ocean to take up the sword for strangers."

"Six months—as much sooner as may be—shall not elapse before I will be where the sharpest swords are drawn. I am determined to go, and become the King of Prussia's soldier, and to follow him in all his glorious battles."

"And that is the weaker cause; he is begirt with a thousand enemies. Oh, why, if you must be a soldier, will you join the weaker cause?"

"Simply, dear Mary, for the reason that there is more glory to be won by espousing the cause beset with the most and greatest difficulties. He is no true hero, Jack Reeve says, who makes his first essay at arms in the attack of a line-of-battle ship upon a ten-gun brig."

"But you will be killed," said she, restraining, with difficulty, the tears that were pleading, with all the beautiful impetuosity of a woman's love, for permission to escape.

"You have told me things since you came here, Mary, which steel my heart against the fear of death. I do not, at this moment, hold my life of a pin's value. A man,—you smile even in tears, call me boy then,—who sees himself neglected, contemned, spurned, despised, those are the words

which best show the world's treatment of the fisherman's son, Mary, and knows it is all because of his poverty and humble parentage, will dare any danger to raise himself to the rank of the scoffer. Ay, what would—what will I not do to be able to say to your proud father 'I am your equal.' Why do you weep, Mary?"

"Weep to see you so changed. You are not the same Lynn you was. Once you was so good and kind."

"And are *you* not changed, Mary? Alas! I think so—to me it seems there has been a greater change in you than a high wind makes on the face of a summer sea."

"Oh no; I am not changed."

"But I am. I know it."

"Indeed you are. Just now you looked so angry, and there was such a withering frown on your brow, that you made me shake like a leaf. Well may it cause that effect, when it is the first I ever saw you wear. And when you spoke of death and danger, and all you would do to obtain renown, I thought of the brave knights and paladins we were reading about in Froissart's Chro-

nicles, as we sat together in papa's library, the winter before the last. It was their wont, you remember, to put themselves in the hottest of every battle, that they might gain a name, and win the love of ladies and the praises of minstrels. Oftentimes they were killed from trying to do impossible feats. But I cannot stay any longer—indeed, I fear I shall be missed now. I must not come here to meet you any more; but we shall see each other for all that. You always go to church, and now I will go every Sunday instead of once or twice a month, as I used to do, and we shall see each other, though we may not speak.”

“ You are forbidden to speak to me then. Farewell, Mary, and for ever; you shall never see poor despised Lynn Haverhill any more. Farewell, and may God bless you.”

“ But you will not, cannot go, Lynn, and in anger. I have given you no cause to be angry,” said she, giving way to a deep and hysterical passion of tears. “ I cannot disobey my parents, and bring down their curse upon my head. It is not of my own inclination, that I am not to meet you any more. Oh, no, Lynn, oh, no !” and she

wept bitterly. "I did not think you would have been angry with—Little Mary—her for whom you did so many kind things, when she was little and timid, and could not do them for herself."

"I am not angry with you, heaven knows I am not angry with you," said I, striving to calm her. "But I was miserable, and I spoke in the bitterness of my heart. You know not—may you never know—the suffering which the proud-spirited endure, when they feel themselves the object of scorn and contempt."

"And you can forget Mary, and all the brotherly and sisterly love which has passed between us?"

"That can never be. But hear me patiently for a few—very few minutes, Mary. I am twenty."

"Not quite, Lynn. You will not be twenty till the seventeenth day of October next. I took down your age from your father's bible, when I came down, with mamma, to look at the stranded bark. I know I am right. I have the paper among my *choicities*, as old Mungo calls them, in my box, at home."

"You are right; and now you smile,—yours is

a sweet smile, Mary; I never saw any one have so sweet a smile as yours. I should scarcely be so bold as to open my heart to you, while we are both so young, if I did not know that we shall separate shortly—perhaps to meet no more, certainly not for years.”

“ You will go then, and I shall never see you more. Oh, Lynn, what have I done that you should wish to—to leave—to go away, from your family, and from—little Mary?”

“ I do not wish to leave you, but for a noble purpose. Mary, I love you. I have loved you ever since you left the cradle. I loved you when you was a little girl, chasing butterflies, and crying to play with the stars. I thought there never was any thing so pretty as the little girl who wished to dig blackberries out of the bank of snow, and when, at the age of three years, you held up your little fist at me in a menacing posture, (you had just witnessed a quarrel amongst the servants,) and cried out ‘ Look at that and tremble,’ I thought it the cleverest thing ever said or done, and told it to old and young till they were tired of hearing it. We grew up like twins, Mary,

and we lived together like brother and sister, only that ours was a more respectful intimacy than that of brothers and sisters. There was not a single incident of our childish intercourse which did not strengthen the feeling that possessed my bosom. It is but now that I can call this feeling by its right name, or know what it is which absorbs my whole soul. I called it admiration of your virtue and goodness, and sweet temper, and charitable disposition, and beauty, and innocent vivacity. I thought it for a long time mere gratitude for your having given my mind an impulse towards learning, but I have miscalled it, or left, unnamed, the tenderest, sweetest, holiest name for the sentiment—it is *love*."

I heard the breathings of the dear girl come thick and hard, as if her respiration was impeded. Kneeling at her feet, for I had leaped the wall which divided us at an early part of our dialogue, and taking her trembling, but passive hand in mine, I said—

"Mary, can you find it in your heart to promise me one thing?"

"And what is that, Lynn?"

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" I am about to leave my home—about to tear myself from all I love, in search of riches and glory. If I win them—if I become known and respected, will you share them with me ? Will you, sweet Mary ! beloved girl ! marry me, when I have wiped away the stain of being poor, and made men forget—good God ! my father and mother ?"

" If I say yes," answered the sweet creature, leaning gently upon the arm which encircled her, " you will so expose yourself to win the baubles you are mistaken in supposing I covet, that I shall never see you again, unless it be a ghastly corpse. But I will put my trust in heaven. When that time comes I will marry you. Go, Lynn Haverhill ; make yourself agreeable to my parents ; let them see you a brave, honourable, and honoured man, admired for your good conduct, and respected for your probity ; and then come back and claim the hand of her who, if her parents would give their consent, would marry you, were you never to know another than your present humble lot. I must go. If it must be so, farewell !"

“ Farewell ! sweet Mary ; and yet not so soon, since it is for the last time. Will you not forget your promise, tempted, as you will be, by offers of rich and noble alliances—backed by the entreaties, perhaps enforced by the threats, of your parents ? ”

“ I did not think you would question my faith, Lynn, or doubt my promise, when once given,” said she, half reproachfully.

“ It is not your faith I doubt, dearest Mary, but your firmness to resist what will be the wishes of your parents. I shall go far from you—perhaps for years you will not know whether I am in the land of the dead or the living. You will grow up still more beautiful, and you will be rich. But I will entertain neither doubts nor fears ; I will rely on your word. One kiss, Mary, only one.” I enfolded the lovely girl in my arms, imprinted on her rosy lips the first kiss, and bade her adieu.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ON my way home I revolved in my mind the many plans which had crossed it, for the attainment of distinction—or, if the truth must be spoken, the gaining of Mary Danvers. It was an evening well fitted for meditation, the fixing one's plans for life, and studying one's-self. To form a cool and deliberate judgement, we must choose a moment when the elements are still—earth, air, and skies at rest. The mind, to sketch out cool and judicious resolves, must be perfectly tranquil—how can it be so when nature is otherwise? I have often tried to think in bad, dirty, disagreeable weather, but never was able to do it to my satisfaction. All my worthiest resolves were conceived in a pleasant condition of the atmosphere; and that upon which I most pride myself, in a beautiful June morning, with the wind west-

north-west, and only just enough of it to send the meadows and cornfields a dancing.

I had not gone far before I made up my mind to go home, and acquaint my dear parents with my wish to leave them. I had never even intimated such a thing to them; but I knew they were not wholly unprepared for it, having, a few days before, overheard my mother say to my father, that she "expected every day I would be for going a voyage."

September is the month in which the nights in New England begin to grow a little chilly. About the middle of that month, it is usual, on the sea coast, to commence the lighting of small fires,—“a little fire, just to take the cold off,”—in the apartment in which the family usually assemble to take their morning and evening repasts, and to while away the few hours which intervene between sunset, if the day's labours are closed so soon, and an early bed-time. In the interior, and more mountainous districts, where they have not the tepid sea-breezes, and strong winds from the Gulf-stream,—at least five or six degrees warmer than those which come charged with polar rigour, and the chills of the Arctic sea,—they kindle these

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fires at least a fortnight earlier. At these several periods in the respective climates, the weather has become so cold, that the summer garb is not sufficient—the body, at certain hours, needs further protection—an additional garment, after nightfall, to fence it against the keen air of the valleys and lowlands. There are very few houses found in that region, which are not warmed by wood fires, in the principal apartments, as early as the first of October; and before the close of the month they are general throughout the day. Habit, however, has quite as much to do with the custom as the atmosphere. The abundance of wood growing on the land, and the necessity there is for ridding the ground of the incumbrance previous to the putting in of crops, have led to the effeminate and enervating practice of keeping up large fires nine months in the year. This is, probably, the reason why the Americans are, generally, less hardy than the other inhabitants of high northern latitudes. I have frequently seen them flinch from a blast which had no effect upon the nerves even of a withered and sallow Spaniard, though he came from the sultry climate of Yucatan.

My family had finished their homely meal, on the evening of my interview with Mary, before I came in. The hours at which a New England family, of the middling class, take their meals, are singularly primeval and patriarchal. Breakfast, in summer, is taken at six, and in winter at eight o'clock; dinner, the year round, at twelve; and tea, generally denominated by them "supper," and the last meal of the day, at five or six, unless it be put off a little for the master to finish some "job." Nor are the hours materially later with those who consider themselves magnates. I have known of their dining at one, and once or twice as late as two o'clock, but it was a very unusual and unpopular arrangement, and drew down a deal of censure and aspersion upon the heads of those who had dared to make it.

But though my mother, to use the American phrase, had "cleared away," or removed the tea-things, she had not been unmindful of the absent. My share of the repast, a pint pitcher full of that common drink of the New England poor, "ginger tea," a piece of "johnny," or hoe-cake, the half of a roasted mackerel, and a small slice of ginger-

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bread, had, as usual, been placed upon the little round table, not much larger than the crown of a hat, and set in the chimney corner, to be kept warm against my coming.

"Lynn," said my mother, when I entered, "now, where have you been till this time o'night? Two hours and more without your supper, (tea,) and that, too, after you had been threshing all day? 'Tis too bad. And on that lone rock again, I suppose? Well, I'll ask Jack Reeve if there is no way of getting rid of 't."

"Melt it, mother—pour hot vinegar upon it," said the arch little Michael. "Lynn told me, that a cunning old fox, named Hannimul, (Hannibal,) made the rocks run like melted lead, by scalding them, as one does a dead pig to get the hair off."

"Hold your tongue, Mike," said my father. "And you too, Jenny, if you please; let my poor boy eat his supper in peace, and then you may scold him. He'll take it better with a full stomach."

The meal was soon despatched, and I prepared to break my mind to my parents, on the subject

of my leaving the hearth where I had received proofs of a love and kindness never to be exceeded. Let me, for a portrait of the habits and avocations of those whom God has appointed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to their more favoured brethren, present you, my readers, with a simple sketch of the employments of my family on that evening. In so far as those employments relate to the business my father followed for a living, they were peculiar; with that exception, general and common to all the poorer classes of New England people, along the whole of its extensive marine border, and a hundred miles into the interior. It is thus you will see them employed in the long winter evenings.

The Americans are not a social people, yet they visit a great deal. It is the usual practice of that portion of them who are devoted to agricultural pursuits, to take their hats after the labours of the day are ended, and stroll out to a neighbour's, where they discuss the state of the crops and the weather, the lapses from propriety, saints fallen, sinners awakened, &c. &c. until nine o'clock, when they return home. Pretty generally they are

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accompanied by a couple of the eldest sons. The wife, with the "two youngest," has made her call soon after dinner, so that a constant intercourse is kept up, and visits paid and reciprocated. These are the occasions when scandal circulates most freely, and Rumour is most busy with her hundred tongues; these are the times when most mischief is done, and most reputations "scalped." No people, perhaps, have a stronger propensity to decry their neighbours than the inhabitants of a New England village. Yet, I may well demand, when people living in the country are otherwise?

Before I speak of the employments of my family on that evening, let me describe the building in which I was born. This miserably poor and crazy cabin was, in height, but a single story of seven feet. Originally it consisted of two apartments on the ground floor, a front room and a kitchen. To this building various additions had been made, from time to time, as the occurrence of some fortunate circumstance supplied my father with the means to make them. About the time of my brother James's birth a French brig ran on the rocks below his cabin, and his share of the

booty (my readers are, probably, aware that it is accounted no sin to plunder a wrecked vessel—a “godsend”) enabled him to add a porch. Soon after, a dead whale, with a harpoon, marked “Hezekiah Coffin, Nantucket,” sticking in it, came on shore, and my father was the lucky finder; the blubber enabled him to add a large dormitory, in the form of a projection, called, in America, a “salt-box;” the architectural designation is, I believe, a “lean-to.” This latter apartment, rough as unplanned deal could well be, unplastered, and lighted only by two windows of twenty-four by sixteen inches, was occupied by my sisters, as their sleeping-room. The garret, or attic, was appropriated to various and discordant uses. It served as a store-room for the implements of our business—the seines, nets, hooks, &c. as well as the usual lumber of our family, and it was, also, the bedchamber of myself and my brothers. Our winter’s provision of dried fish was piled up in one corner, and in another stood the barrel of pork, which occasionally furnished a garnish to our dinner of bass, or perch, or other “pan-fish,” as they call those kinds which are deemed most

palatable when cooked by frying them. My father and mother slept in the "room," as the principal or front apartment in a New England dwelling-house, is, by way of excellence, called, and a low bedstead, made to shove under, and be hidden by the larger—I believe they call it a trundle-bed, was my little brother's place of repose for the night. The ordering of the interior of the cabin in other respects was of a piece with its exterior apparelling, and that was of the roughest kind. A rude wainscotting of unplanned deal board lined the whole of the interior of the house proper. When I inform my readers that the chimney, when a north wind blew, did not "carry smoke" well, the colour of this wainscot may be imagined. Into this rough and smoke-dried ceiling, at various points, nails, hooks, and wooden pins were driven, upon which were suspended fish-lines, coils of rope, guns, powder-horns, the great coats and jackets of the male members of the family, hats, boots, and other articles, too numerous to mention. Shelves were fixed over the fire-place, and, upon these were, ostentatiously displayed, my dear mother's wealth of crockery

and glass. The remnant of a dozen gaudy cups and saucers, which had been presented to her by the master of a stranded vessel, some years before, a milk-white punch-bowl, and toddy jug, which had belonged to my maternal godfather, Captain Banks, and, it was whispered, had thrice occasioned the stranding, and, eventually, the complete "swamping" of the Loving Couple, a pair of old-fashioned trellis-work fruit-baskets, a splendid China coffee-pot, without nose or handle, but used by my sisters to keep their necklaces and ear-rings in, together with the remains of at least twenty dilapidated sets of pottery and glass, wasted by the operation of time and "battered fingers," till, in the language of the trade, these were but 'show patterns' left, adorned, in the opinion of my mother and her gossips, those precious shelves. There was another shelf in the middle of the room, formed by fastening the ends of a board to the cross-beams, which supported the ceiling. This shelf was the repository of the cheese, ham, and various other important matters connected with household economy.

The fire-place in the "room" needs but a slight

description to convey a correct idea of it to the reader, for the time is fresh in the recollection of even the young, when the fire-place took up nearly one side of an apartment. Immense fire-places were, at this period, those universally in use in the kitchen, or cooking apartment, and chiefly in the parlours. Capacious, to a degree, which made them singularly convenient in very cold weather, when a whole family could assemble within one, they were upheld by all classes, till the alarmed woods, which they were so rapidly converting into ashes, sent in a petition for their suppression. It was economy, not convenience or preference, which substituted for the old-fashioned chimney-corner the singularly incommodious fire-place, now in use, which may pretend to more beauty, no doubt, but lacks entirely the *disposition* to promote social chat, and produce the beer and ale which belonged to the ancient fire-places.

CHAPTER IX.

IN one of these same old-fashioned chimney-corners sat my mother, deeply intent on mending some article of ruined apparel; if I remember right, it was her linsey-woolsey, or "fall gown." In the opposite corner sat my father and eldest brother, employed in repairing the rents in a fishing-seine. My little brother Michael was, as usual, ardently engaged in miniature ship-building, "rigging a schooner, to go, first to the Labrador, for fish, and then to the West Indies, for oranges." My two other brothers were engaged in the construction of a weir, to be used in the taking of eels. Only one of my sisters was at home, the rest were at service, and she was sewing—for pride and vanity being, after all, but relative terms, will find their way into the obscurest dwelling—upon some article of finery intended to

catch the eyes of the rustic beaux, with whom she was a great favourite, upon the ensuing sabbath. Bill Kyamas, an Indian, a little older than myself, brought up in our house till the age of fourteen, and just returned from a visit to his tribe, sat, relating witch and goblin stories with all the proverbial credulity of his race; and these were the individuals who composed the group in my father's cabin.

It is impossible that I should convey an idea of the difficulties I found, and the odd ways I tried to make known to my parents the resolution I had formed to leave them. I tried, several times, to find words for the revealment of my purpose, but, as the bashful lover said, when relating the story of his attempt to declare his love to its object, "something kept rising in my throat, continually, and I couldn't." I thought, at first, I could tell my story much better, and find words more tender and appropriate, if I were seated at the side of my mother, and I removed the settle thither. But, unfortunately, she put her arm round my neck, and kissed my forehead, "to pay," she said, "for having scolded me," a cir-

cumstance which shed such an unmanly softness over my heart, that I am sure, if it had been to save my life, I could not have made the disclosure, without first indulging in a passion of tears. Finding that every moment was still further unfitting me for my purpose, I got up, and went out, to gaze upon that which has more power to sooth an afflicted spirit than any other of the works of God, sublime and beautiful as they all are, the serene and tranquil sky, with all its starlit and azure glories. After a few minutes devoted to rapturous observation of the wondrous celestial phenomena, and apparatus of light, and, to a duty it were somewhat pharasaical to name, I returned, strengthened, as I thought, and with sufficient resolution to break the ice of my secret. Taking a seat by my father, I begged him to let me assist him. He answered me with a good-natured slap on the shoulder, "that he did not need my services," and that "I might venture, for once in my life, to sit still for five minutes." At length, thinking there was no better way, in such a case, than plunging into the "midst of things"—I don't like learned phrases, or I would give it

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the Latin of its author, Horace, I mustered sudden courage and said "I wish to do what I can for you before I leave you."

Never, perhaps, was a piece of news more awkwardly communicated. It had the effect however to awaken the instantaneous attention of the group, to excite laughter in some and surprise in all.

"What does the boy mean?" asked my father and mother in the same breath. My brothers laid down their work and looked earnestly and inquiringly into my face, and my sister drew the calimanco petticoat, upon which she was sewing, to her eyes, and burst into tears.

"What do you mean, my son?" again inquired my father.

"Mean—I mean my dear kind parents—with your consent, I have not the heart to do it without, to try my fortune in some other pursuit than that in which it has been your kind pleasure to bring me up."

"Then it is your wish to leave us: to leave your poor old father and mother, just as old age is creeping upon them?" said my mother, half reproachfully.

“ Who put this notion into your head, my son?” said my father, surveying me affectionately. “ Come, tell me who put this figary into your silly noddle?”

“ You need not ask him,” said my mother; “ I am certain it was young doctor Gamaliel. The last time I saw him,—it was but yesterday two weeks, at captain Spun yarn’s,—he said ‘ it was a pity that a lad of Lynn’s talents and learning should waste his time dodging along shore in a fish-boat.’ ‘ Let him,’ said he, ‘ be off in one of the King’s cruisers, though it be but as a powder monkey, and I’ll be sworn he commands her before he is five-and-twenty. Oh, he is a brave lad, and then—such a heart!’ The young—the young fop—I won’t call him names, I’ll only say he is a very bad man. But I’ll give him a piece of my mind, I’ll read him a new leaf out of an old book, I will, the very first time I see him.”

“ I am sure it was some of Tom Phipps’s men-of-war yarns which is about to set Lynn upon a wild-goose chase,” said Timothy.

“ More like, it was that meddlesome old wretch, Jack Reeve,” said James, warmly; “ I’ll tell you

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how it is father, ay, and mother too, for you are Jack's chief supporter, the very next time I see him, I'll tell him that I believe what he said about the Irish people making *soft soap* out of fog and drinking gin from a rams-horn are both great lies. I long to quarrel with him."

"It was not the doctor, nor Tom Phipps, nor Jack Reeve, who has been talking to Lynn, and advising him to go away; but I can guess who it was," said Jenny, reproachfully. And she gave me a look which plainly indicated that she was mistress of my secret, so far as to suppose that Mary Danvers was in some way or other the cause of my resolution to leave my home.

"I know what the reason is," said Michael, putting on a very wise look. "Mother, last night you gave me a much larger slice of gingerbread than you gave him, and he was mad as a March hare. I saw it at the time. And this morning, nothing would do but you must give me grand-f'ther's silver spoon, when you know, he being the bigger and older boy, ought to have had it, so he had. Mother I be ashamed of you, so I be."

"Your son, my parents," said I, "never yet moved blindly at the bidding of any one. I may say, without vanity, and I think you know it to be true, that in so far as my humble pursuit has afforded me opportunities to call into action the energies of my own mind, and use them for the direction of others, I have rather led than followed. No one has advised me to leave you, many have said do not. The thought to leave you was my own, and never came from the counsels or suggestions of any one."

"See what became of your uncles who ventured out just as you wish to do," said my father. "Brother Nathan, who went to Squam to keep school, licked a boy too heavily, and, to pay for it, laid in jail six months, in the winter season, and came out with a rheumatism, which laid him up for six more. Obed, who went to Holmes Hole, was picked by the Jews there as clean as a whistle, and Nathan, as I have heard, led such a life with the Sag-harbour widow, that he finally died with mortification—in his leg, caused either by grief or the scratch of a rusty nail—the doctor never knew which. Seeing that

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"Ay, why do you wish to leave us?" responded my mother, and each of them tenderly took a hand.

"Have we not been kind to you, my child?" they asked both in a breath.

"Kind to me? Oh how kind! Never had a son more affectionate parents than mine have been to me. From the hour when, a little child, I could only move by the chairs to the present minute your kindness and tenderness have never known any abatement. May Almighty God, my beloved parents, bless and preserve you for it."

"Then why leave us, my son?" said my father.

He paused for a reply, but, finding his question remain unanswered, he resumed.

"Do we want bread? Oh no. Our food is coarse, it is true, but it is wholesome, and we have always plenty of it. The unceasing labour and hard knocks by which we earn it give us health and an appetite to enjoy it, and add a relish to our coarse Indian bannock,* ginger-tea, and roast-

* *Indian bannock*, a cake made of the flour of Indian corn.

ed mackerel, which is lacking to the banquets of those who, to use the words of the Holy Scriptures, are fed with rich dainties and sit in the king's gate."

"Most true, my dear and excellent father," said I.

"Was there ever a healthier family of children than mine have been? We have had six sons, and three daughters—they are all living, or were on the last Sabbath, and there has not been four hours illness in our house since the day that I brought your mother into this humble cabin a bride."

"All this is true, my father," said I.

"If it is true, why do you wish to leave us? why do you wish to exchange a course of life which has made your old father happy, for one which, if I guess your choice, may conduct you to an early grave, and, at all events, can lead to nothing better than I have found in a lowly sphere!"

"Remember Dick Ratlin," said my mother. "He left home a steady and virtuous youth as you could wish to see, and he died on the Tyburn

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gallows, according to all accounts, one of the most horrid reprobates that ever lived."

"I am not—never shall be Dick Ratlin, my dear mother," said I.

"Remember," said James, "what Jack Reeve was telling us last evening about Bob Short, the Lancashire man."

"Oh, don't name that meddlesome old wretch, Jack Reeve," said I to James, playfully. "I'll tell you how it is, James; the next time I see him, I'll tell him that I believe what he told us about the Irish people making soft soap——"

"Pshaw, Lynn!" exclaimed James.

"Ah, but Lynn, remember the story of the Country Maid, and her Eggs, that you read to me the other night," said little Michael. "A country girl had a basket of excellent eggs, and eggs are very good eating you know. Well, she wanted to change them for gay gowns, and a great deal of money, and a lover as handsome as Ben Pratt. She broke the eggs, and never got the gowns, the money, or the lover. Remember that, Lynn."

"What you have said is true, my father," said I,

"and contentment has gone hand in hand with the poverty which has been our lot, else had our condition been miserable indeed. You neither looked, nor wished for any thing better or greater, and thence have been completely happy. But my mind is differently constituted. I must emerge from my lowly situation, or die of discontent and repining. It has been my good or evil fortune, as it may hereafter chance, to acquire knowledge and imbibe ideas, which, if they do not fit me for a higher station, at least, unfit me for that in which I now move. I am changed, much changed from what I was."

"You are, indeed," said my father, thoughtfully. "So much changed, that at times I feel as if somebody had stolen away my wild and reckless son, and replaced him with a being like Alfred or the Black Prince, whom you read about to your brothers. I know not why it is, but, sometimes, before I think of it, I raise my hand to pull off my hat to you, as to one greatly above me."

"I feel, and have felt for some time, that—let me not pain you, my dear parents—the busi-

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ness I am pursuing is low and mean, and that I was born for something better."

"Perhaps you was, my son," said my father. "And sure I am that something has been, for many months, preying on your mind, and robbing it of peace. Your mother and I have been talking about it frequently, but it seems our guesses of its cause were very wide of the truth."

"His sleep has been very much disturbed for some time," said John. "No later than last night he called upon the 'boarders to follow him,' cried out 'Rule Britannia,' then said 'the enemy are every where flying, the field is ours boys, now who shall be first in their trenches?' and acted many other mad pranks."

"He has not laughed for months," said Jenny; "and he never goes to a frolic now, any more than parson Hatch, or Deacon Phipps."

"He is greatly changed," said Michael, whose precocious drollery nothing could restrain. "He is no more my bub than I am me. He ate but seven mackerel all day yesterday—and a shark."

"Hold your tongue, Michael," said my father, "I'm not in the humour for foolery now. "When

is it your pleasure to abandon your poor old father and mother, Lynn?"

"Do not speak thus, my dear father," said I, with my heart overflowing. "But, rather tell me if it is your pleasure to consent that I shall go at all."

"It is my pleasure, *sir*, (with a strong emphasis on the word 'sir'—it was the first time he had ever used it,) it is my pleasure, *sir*, that you take that course which, I don't doubt, you have long since determined on following, whether I will consent or not. A wayward and disobedient boy you—Pshaw, Lynn, don't cry. Why, I thought you was more of a man than to cry because your churlish and good-for-nothing old father"—

"My good and excellent father"—

"———gets a little peevish with his ambitious son. And yet well might it wound, and well might the taunt have been spared when the language of reproof has so seldom been heard or deserved within these doors, and least of all by you. My child, I beg your forgiveness; your poor old father begs your forgiveness for a reproach that never did son deserve less. Come here, and

kiss my cheek, Lynn. Why, I asked but for one, and you have given me a dozen. Now we are friends again, are we not?" And in the delirium of his soul-felt joy at our reconciliation, he threw both his arms around my neck, and pressed me to his bosom as a mother presses her infant. Laugh not, my gay readers, at my homely picture of the outpourings of the heart in the cabin of a poor fisherman, nor make sport of me when I tell you that we wept in each other's arms for several minutes, nor parted till my mother, having done the same thing herself, till she was half blind, declared, as well as her sobs would permit her, that we were two fools"—

"Who is the third, mother?" demanded Mike.

"—And shouldn't do so any longer."

"When do you wish to go, my poor boy?" asked my father, as soon as his grief permitted him to speak.

"It is my wish to go as soon as next month, if you please, sir."

"I can but advise that you should not go at all, but if you will go, you had better put it off till

spring. Winter is a very bad season for boys to go to sea in."

"I do not wish to go to sea, sir; I prefer the army."

"The army!" cried my mother.

"Among the terrible soldiers!" said Jenny.

"The army!" ejaculated James.

"The army!" cried Indian Bill, and the exclamation went the rounds of the family. Seeing I had touched a new spring of discontent, I said, hastily, "The sea then, if you prefer it."

"And we do prefer it," said my father. "But, Lynn, perhaps you have not been told how very low seamen's wages are at this time—they will scarcely keep you in clothes. Jack Reeve was saying that Captain Nat Tisdale's boy Jo. a right smart lad, and a man grown, got but four dollars a month, in the Nancy Dawson, to St. Kitts. He shipped as an able seaman, and, and—here comes Limber-tongue to tell you all about it."

The person who went by this nick-name was an old weather-beaten sailor, by the name of Jack Reeve, by birth an Englishman, but for the last

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twenty years a resident in our village. Jack was a plain, good-natured fellow, "rough as the element" upon which thirty years of his life had been spent, but such a liar I am sure never lived before or since. I should however, remark, that his lies always regarded past times and by-gone scenes, adventures in which he had acted a conspicuous part, dangers he had dared, perils he had escaped. He always "knew every thing;" and this expression he had taught to half the village. Say to him, "Jack, the Peggy, from Domineek, was in sight yesterday." "I know it," was his reply. "Ah, but, Jack, it proved, after all, not to be the Peggy," "I know it," said Jack. "Did you hear of the terrible accident yesterday?" "To be sure I did—knew it in five minutes after it happened; Sam Briggs told me." "Oh, Jack, how can that be, when it was Sam Briggs himself that was killed outright." "I know it," was the answer.

Yet spite of the foible of lying—you could not call it a vice as Jack managed it—he was one of the best creatures living, and I am sure, as far

as he was known, more generally beloved than any other. He seemed to live only for the purpose of doing good. His benevolence was perfectly quixotic. If he earned a shilling above the sum necessary to keep his "duds in trim," and his "locker stored with bread, and biscuit, and tobacco," and his square bottle full of Jamaica rum, of which, however, he drank very sparingly—"seldom, he said, more than enough to make him drunk, he was sure to devote ten pence of it to some work of charity. "Where are you going to day, Jack?" "To carry a mess of fresh cod to poor sick Betty Whimpenny." "She's dead, Jack; died this morning at three." "I know it; well, I'll take them to old Ben Vinson then; but I'll have to stay, and watch lest that d—d lazy baggage, his daughter Dinah, gets them," &c. Such was the being to whom my father had applied the epithet "Limbertongue," and who now entered to take the field against me.

"And here comes Limbertongue, and he'll tell you all about it," it may be recollected were the concluding words of my father's last reported speech.

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"That I can," said Jack. "Bill Kyamus, you ghost of a black bear, get off that chair, and let an old sailor take it."

Bill, whose acquaintance with the whites, and general favour, had made him rather impudent; and, besides, felt that his having been an inmate of the house for ten years gave him the best claim to the only unoccupied chair, continued sitting.

"Now, Bill, do you know," said Jack, raising his voice angrily, "that the Bo's'n never speaks twice."

"Bow, wow, wow," exclaimed the old house-dog (Boatswain), who, hearing his name loudly pronounced, but doubtless, without any intention to give the old tar the lie, rose and began barking. The occurrence created a laugh, and put the parties in good temper with each other. Indian Bill gave up the chair, and Jack resumed.

"Captain Nat's 'prentice boy got no more nor five dollars a month, and he had to find his own small stores and knick knackeries in the bargain. I never heard whether the owners found cambrick needles, and silk stockings, and jewsharps, but I am

certain they made him pay for the sugar, and rum, and chocolate. Cursed hard doings those for the poor tar, and light pay for the drenchings and hard knocks he gets in this same thundering sea-service. But who talks of going to sea? Jenny, is it you as talks of shakin' hands with old Neptin?"

"No, Jack," said my father, "it is not Jenny, it is Lynn."

The story of my wishes was told to the old sailor, repeatedly interrupted, however, by his oaths, and characteristic exclamations. When it was concluded, he began in the following strain—by the way, he seldom adopted any other method of making even his most pleasant communications.

"Go to sea! go to sea! go to h—, will you, you d—d blind puppy! you d—d green goose! Now, in the name of the twelve jury-men that hung your grandf'ther for stealing ducks' eggs, what do you expect to do there? Think you'll find mother's kind words, and mother's dry stockings, and mother's ginger-tea, and mother's apple-dump-lings? No, you lubber! you'll find 'dearies' changed into 'dammees,' and you'll get ropes-ends for pats on the cheek, so you will."

"It is a terrible life, ar'n't it?" asked the roguish Michael, who had to answer for a great many of Jack's lies, and whose questions were generally the whetstone to Jack's wit, as well as provocatives to his marvellous invention.

"A terrible life said you, Mike?" and Jack gave his cap a knock, and buttoned up his round-about, as was his custom, when—to use his own phrase—he was going to 'carry sail hard.' "It is no more nor less than a dog's life. Why, Mike, when I was with Jo Knight in the Foghorse, (Fougueux,) we 'countered a gale off Scilly, which lifted the ring-bolts out of the deck as though they had been feathers—no laughing, youngsters; if it isn't true, d—n me; and blew the crow from the foot of the windlass against a man in the mizen-topmast cross-trees with such force, that he was knocked overboard, and not picked up till a week after. Oh, it is a villainous life."

"What became of the crow?" asked Michael.

"Fell perpendicularly down, and broke the scull of the master's mate, as he was at work at the heel of the bowsprit."

“ Oh, bless me ! hush, Jack ! ” said my father, “ fell perpendicularly from the mizen-topmast cross-trees to the heel of the bowsprit ! Who ever heard of such a thing ? ”

“ If it is not true may I be —— hanged,” responded Jack.

“ What finally became of the poor man in the main-topmast cross-trees ? ” asked Michael.

“ Caught a rope as he fell, and was drawn in on deck in less than a minute.”

“ Why, just now you said he was not picked up till a week after,” said the boy.

“ Now, Mike, shiver my timbers if I untwist the yarns of the story just to lay them up anew for your convenience. But if you will overhaul the whole story, you’ll find it hang together as well as a sermon.”

“ Come, come, Lynn,” said my mother, who had spoken but twice during the foregoing conversation, having been busily employed in drying her tears; “ I’ll make a bargain with you. There have been, as you must have seen, a great many signs of a hard winter at hand. The breast bones of

the fowls and ducks have been very much clouded,* and owls, both white and gray, have been about here all summer—come, Jack Reeve says—didn't you, Jack?"

"Yes, I did," said Jack. "But if I know, mother Haverhill, what I said then, put me down in the ship's list eleven below the cook's mate."

"Come, Jack says, from a long way beyond Davis's Straits, to let us know about the storm, that is brewing in them cold countries. The sea-gulls have come back a month earlier than usual, and flocks of the brent-geese have been marching back to their old quarters—Jack says, didn't you Jack? 'Oh, yes, I did,' (thrusting his tongue into his cheek,)—for many days past, which is full a month earlier than they usually go. I am sure the next winter will be the worst winter for vessels on this coast that has been known since the dreadful one of thirty-nine. Now, Lynn, you shall wait till next spring, say, March—or April—or

* An American superstition. When the breast-bone is clear, it portends a fine winter; when otherwise, it means hard weather.

May—or—June, and then I wo'n't say a word against your going." Her eyes fell at the conclusion of the speech, for she knew she was uttering an untruth. Heaven's recording angel did not register it, however, any more than he did My Uncle Toby's oath.

"It is the least you can do for so good a mother," said my father. "She has been a kind and tender mother to you, Lynn."

It was, indeed, the least I could do for such kind and affectionate parents; and I promised that I would say no more about going till the spring. When the month of March should arrive, it was to be taken for granted that I was to leave the home of my childhood, and embark upon the ocean, without any thing more said about it. In the opinion of my mother, the "evil day was put so far off" that there was no occasion for present gloom, and both she and my father grew very merry upon the occasion, and laughed as loud as any of us at Jack's long yarns and Indian Bill's stories of the supernatural.

The former left us early, but his place was sup-

plied by old Captain Stevens, another of the favourites. He advised that I should go in the Keziah schooner, which would make a voyage in the spring to St Lucia, and of which he was a sixteenth part proprietor. He could state for a certainty that she would be well fitted and provisioned, would carry "abundance of beans, peas, flour for puddings, four pounds of plums (raisins,) and a whole box of chocolate; that her pork would be Nat. Hedge's famous hog, and her beef a fore quarter of the wonderful prize ox Governor Hutchinson."

"After all, it is but the life he leads at home, deprived of dry shoes and stockings, a slice of gingerbread, and a few other conveniences," said my mother. She stipulated, however, that I should take with me several medicinal herbs of her recommending—plants wonderfully propertied; this as a preventive and that as a cure; this good for colds in the morning and that at night; this for sprains and that for bruises; one a promoter of expectoration to ease the lungs, another effectual to check a cough and heal the stomach; and a third could do anything but change foul weather into fair,

or tell how the wind would blow next day. And, moreover, that I should be careful to see that the captain carried a pair of tooth-drawers with him.

"And, Lynn," said she, "you have never yet worn night-caps, you must wear them while you are gone. Jack Reeve said that when he was in Guinea, which I believe is close by Sant Lucee—"*

"The lying dog! he was never there in his life," said the old skipper, peevishly.

My mother made it a rule never to hear a word that was said against the veracity of her favourite, and went on.

—"Said that when he was in Guinea, a crocodile as big as his fist crept into his ear as he lay sleeping in his berth, and would have strangled him, but for the coming up of a *nigger* thunderstorm, which is always terribly black, he says, and which frightened the awful beast so much that he tumbled out stone dead, which saved poor Jack's life."

"To have his neck stretched for lying," said the captain, indignantly. "A crocodile as big as his fist crept into his ear! Well! I always knowed

* St Lucia is so pronounced in New England by the vulgar.

Jack's ears were very, very long, but never, till now, that the opening to them was as big as his fist. And would have strangled him ! I always thought, indeed I did, that strangling was caused by choking, and not by stopping up the ears. And, moreover, I thought that crocodiles were tremendous creatures—as big as large oxen and covered with scales—that is what my bible tells me, instead of being the size of large gnats. Mother Betty, I have heard Jack tell a thousand lies, first and last, but never one to equal this.”

“ You shall have night-caps to prevent the crocodiles from creeping into your ears,” continued my mother, not noticing the interruption.

I promised to wear night-caps if she would provide them, which gave her great satisfaction, and so ended this memorable night.

CHAPTER X.

My object then was attained, at least prospectively, but under circumstances which deprived it of the power to communicate much satisfaction, or to calm the passions which tore my mind. My separation from Mary Danvers was productive of the consequences which might have been expected to ensue from the event acting upon one ardently attached, and, withal, of strong passions. We had grown up together, had, as it were, been inseparable companions for more than twelve years. Among the earliest of my recollections was that of assisting over a stile, and finally home, (carrying her a part of the distance in my arms,) a little black-eyed girl of three, who had wandered into the fields without her nurse, had torn her frock, and was crying with cold, hunger, and fear.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance, the commencement of a friendship, the foundation of a love, which had never known a moment's interruption till the night of our "final understanding." For the last four years we had been accustomed to meet almost every day, and to open our bosoms to each other in perfect confidence—to sit together; sing—from one piece of music; read together—from one book; and, together, to run over the list of anticipated pleasures—those which were to ensue upon the appearance of the first daisy, and those which came in with the last ear of the harvest. How many golden visions dance before our eyes in the morning of life! How delightful are its anticipations, yet how seldom do they prove more than empty shadows!

To be deprived all at once of enjoyments and pleasures which had almost become necessary to our existence, from being on terms of the tenderest intimacy to be debarred in one hour from meeting with or speaking to each other, and that when we had just been made aware of the nature of the feeling which mutually possessed our bosoms, brought one of us at least to the verge of despair,

and, I imagine, did not greatly promote the happiness of the other.

I became still more changed—changed to myself, changed to all around me, in my habits, feelings, and actions. I had been, as I have said, a very wild and reckless boy, full of health, roguery, and animal spirits, until the period of my disgrace at school; and though, from that day forward, I had so completely surrendered my hours to my books and studies that I had small time for society, it was not till after the evening of my interview with Mary that I gave it up altogether, or refused, at times, to mix in the parties or frolics given in the neighbourhood. Before that time I used to find leisure for an occasional visit to Jack for one of his men-of-war yarns, as well as to Mr. Jobson's, to enjoy the sport of hearing him, in his singularly quaint and eccentric style, belabour the "parsons," against whom he had a very strong and enduring antipathy. Then I used, once a fortnight at least, to go do Dick Bunker's, a half "Nantucketer," to hear his stories of the Greenland whale fishery, in which, if you believed him, he had figured as harpooner of one of his own

island ships to a greater extent than the valiant Captain Bobadil in sundry armies of repute. But now I went into no society, and kept aloof from all the diversions usually pursued with so much ardour by youth. Grave and sober beyond even the requirements of the village puritans, there were loud and frequent wishes expressed that "Lynn Haverhill's present gloominess could be exchanged for his old tricks," that "he could be coaxed to laugh once more, and once more go out among the young folks as he used to do." Then came question on question of "what ailed me?" and "why was I sad?" and "why I was changed?" and "what pleasure I found in solitary walks by the sea-shore, and solitary strolls by moonlight?" and surmises, very wide of the truth, and rumours of "mental aberration," and Lord Burleigh shakes of the head from those disposed to patronise the incredible, with hints from the sages of the latter class of some dark deed perpetrated, no one could tell when or guess where. Surprising that, in a New England village, where curiosity prevails in its greatest possible degree, and where even the Gordian knot would, in time, have been united, the clue to

the labyrinths found, the lost books of the Sybil discovered, the real cause of my anxiety should have remained hidden.

Vain were all the endeavours of my brothers and sisters to wean me from melancholy and solitude. I shunned my boyish associates; even Jack Reeve's merry and marvellous tales of the sea had a hearer less than they were wont to have. Abroad I talked none, and at home my words were dealed out, like the charities of the world, to an applicant suspected of needing them. I do not believe that there ever was a more miserable being than I was.

The secret and treasured grief was my hopeless love. I loved Mary Danvers to distraction. Young as I was—a mere boy—not twenty, she had become identified with my very existence—connected with every hope of earthly happiness, present and future. To live within two short miles of her, yet to be debarred seeing her, except at church, and from speaking to her at all, when my heart was overflowing with long-treasured tenderness, and homage demanding to be spread out at her feet, was more than my proud spirit could endure. Hopeless did I call my love? Yes, it was hope-

less, indeed; for, could I help remembering that she was of a proud and wealthy family, I of one miserably poor and ignoble—how small the chance, then, of my obtaining her? She had, indeed, pledged her faith to me—the faith of a girl of fifteen to a boy of less than twenty, about to be separated from her, leaving her exposed to all that could seduce the affections, or take captive the fancy of a young girl—wealth, fashion, titles, and the other coveted distinctions of the world. Was it reasonable to suppose that she would withstand these allurements, in favour of the son of Simon Haverhill, the poor old fisherman of Washqua hamlet.

I still attended to my usual avocations; going, in the fishing season, in the boat with my brothers; at other times, labouring in the fields for my father's benefit, for all who would employ me. But my labour wanted activity, the laugh, the song, and the whistle of those who go to their tasks with the lark, and carol not less blithely. There was a thorough abstraction of mind from all I did. I was no more the Lynn Haverhill who was the best ploughman, fisherman, reaper, mower, any

more than I was the boy who could not spell *nose*, 'nose on your face.'” My father, perceiving that I no longer engaged in the customary tasks with spirit, nor laboured with cheerfulness, spared me the greater part of them, seldom suffering any application for that purpose to be made to me; and in instances where I had made engagements, sending one of my brothers to fulfil them. I felt pained by these fresh proofs of parental care and kindness, and exerted myself to overcome, or conceal, my reluctance to engage in what I considered menial tasks. The thought that my exertions would avail to lighten the labours and burthens of a beloved father, dependent for support upon manual labour and a precarious pursuit, overcame the pride which viewed them as debasing, and the intermission in my active duties by field and flood was of short duration.

It was now my greatest delight, almost my only pleasurable employment, to look at my mementos of Mary, and the memorials of our early love, and happy hours. I possessed a lock of her hair, one of the glossy ringlets which clustered on her lovely forehead, on the day I proved myself so

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bad a speller. It was begged without the apology and bestowed without the blush which, at a later period of our lives, would have doubtless, accompanied both the petition and the gift. I had the first copy-slip she ever gave me, *learn to do well*, and the last, *aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire*. Several scraps of poetry, cut out, or copied by her from books, expressly for me, some drawings of flowers, of a "Portuguese man-of-war," of the old larch, of a daring boy snatching a pet lamb from a rabid dog; another rude sketch of a male urchin helping a little girl, in trouble, over a stile; and yet another, of a sulky boy fencing in an ant-hill; together with that gallant token of knightly devotion, and pledge of his constancy, the *glove*, in days of chivalry; alas! for their departure!—the gay decoration of his helmet, were, also, of the number of my treasured memorials. But the gifts most esteemed were those books in which she had pencil-marked her favourite passages, and the papers of directions for my studies, sent me when she was unable to come to the school-house in person. The black-letter MSS. in the British Museum are not half so highly

valued by antiquaries as those scrolls of my dear Mary were by me. Indeed, I prized them so highly, and perused them so much and so often, that in a short time they were rendered totally illegible, though that circumstance abated nothing of their value in my eyes. The books were not so frail, and abode a never equalled scrutiny with a much better grace.

I saw Mary, every Sunday, at church, and occasionally elsewhere, though always in company, which precluded the possibility of my speaking to her. I could gather, however, from her trembling lip and downcast eye, her extreme agitation and pale countenance, that no change had taken place in her feelings. I could often catch her mild eye turned towards me, but it was bashfully withdrawn the moment it caught mine, and her cheeks became suffused with blushes. I had never attempted to speak to her since the night we had pledged our faith to each other; for I could not press her to a clandestine interview, and it would be death to our hopes to attempt to visit her in her father's house. It was still a beloved occupation of my leisure hours, and one that some-

times interfered with those set apart to procure my daily bread, to revisit the spots which reminded me of former times, and were associated with her delightful image,—the rustic bridge over which I had so often helped her,—the school-house,—the stile where I found the little girl crying,—the tree from which I procured the yellow bird's nest,—and the ant-hill, connected with my lamentable, yet fortunate, deficiency in spelling. And how many times, after the night had set in, did I thread the intricate path that led from the fishing hamlet to the patrician residence, a distance of two miles ; and how many hours did I walk around and past the house, and while watching the lights, and striving to obtain glimpses of the persons moving about the splendid apartments, how much did I weary myself with conjecturing which was her. And when I was so fortunate as to see a slight form hovering about the windows, perhaps from a suspicion, or rather from a hope, that she was not unobserved, what a thrill of delight visited my bosom, and—but some call tears a folly, and are ashamed to be seen shedding them, even when they are prompted by the holiest affec-

tions of the heart. I have never thought lightly of these "badges of a woman's weakness," but have always looked upon them with a deep reverence, and should, even were they to flow from the eyes of the sternest warrior that ever buckled a sword upon his thigh: it could not abate my good opinion of him a jot. They may, undoubtedly, deceive: that there are such things as "crocodile tears," deceitful,—treacherous,—unmeaning,—or guileful tears, who that, like me, can recal the reminiscences of more than sixty years, thirty of them spent in active life, will be disposed to doubt? Yet, generally, tears indicate a mild and generous disposition; and betoken the possession of much sensibility—perhaps a little too much—of the kind which adds to the stock of happiness in the world, though it may diminish that of its possessor.

Once I wrote her a long letter—it took me three days to write it, filled with protestations of love and affection, begging her to answer that, and permit me to write others upon the same condition of an interchange of thoughts. Jack Reeve, whom I could trust, carried it. In due time, he brought

me an answer, fond and affectionate, tender as I could wish, and beautifully written and worded, renewing her pledges, repeating her promises of constancy, constancy through life—the common refrain of a young girl, but showing, alas! good reasons why no further letters should, for the present, pass between us. It was very hard, but I was compelled to submit. I could not speak to her, I could not write to her, I was not even allowed what the fellow in the play calls a “good stare.” I would have given—not money, for, alas! I had none of that lock-picking, hinge-oiling, heart-softening, commodity; but I would have followed the plough for a month, or caught half the fish in the sea, for permission to sit beside her, and converse with her, and, unchecked and unimpeded, to gaze upon her for one half hour.

November came—to me the pleasantest month of the twelve, for then the presiding deity of the winds has ceased to equivocate, has ceased

To keep the word of promise to our ears,

And break it to our hopes.

We know that the suffocating heats, and the unwholesome damps, and the fevers and agues

have departed, and that healthful winds, and clear cold moons, and twinkling stars, and bright parlour fires, and social parties, and apples, and oysters, and cider, and all that have come again. I hardly know why I insist on preferring November to October when the latter is so exquisitely fine, but I do. October has, it must be admitted, the pleasantest sky, and then it is—in the country of my birth—the harvest month of the most valued grain which that country boasts, the maize—the beautiful and blessed season when the golden bounties of a beneficent God are “gathered into the garners” of his disobedient and thankless children. Still I like November best. Though it is colder, its coldness does not produce the unpleasant effects of a raw October wind, which has come to you on the back of a mid-day sun at 85 degrees, and which promises, three hours hence, to return, to use a jockey phrase, a “few stun heavier.”

Then, for the pleasures of October; list to the the troop of disorderly urchins on the alert for the walnut and chestnut forest, or bending beneath their rich prize, a basket of half-ripe grapes, the

while shouting most obstreperously. See the happy shooter, cap in hand, his dog at his heels, creeping upon the unsuspecting wild duck, or, happier still, returning with two or three brace, sometimes a dozen, which he has "killed flying," (the great boast of an American duck-shooter,) unutterably proud of the feat, and happier than a courtier to whom majesty has nodded. October is, in America, emphatically the "Sportsman's month," and thence its approach is hailed with a lively joy by all who love duck-shooting; in other words, nine in ten of those who dwell on the margin of the Atlantic ocean. For the space of four or five hundred leagues the coast is dotted with small lakes or ponds of greater or less extent, and these, in October, and during the whole of autumn, till the rigours of winter shut them up, are the resorts of immense flocks of wild fowl. They are pursued with a singleness of purpose, which leads to so much poverty and wretchedness, that the best argument ever brought forward to prove the expediency and benefit of the English Game-Laws, is the evil consequences of an unrestrained exercise, in America, of the liberty they abridged in England.

Where game is so cheap as it is there, where a pair of delicious wild ducks can be had for a couple of shillings, or a half-crown, and sometimes for a shilling, it can never be attended with profit, or be successfully followed as a business. It is, however, an exceedingly pleasant sport; and, there being no check upon it, multitudes resort to it, who are too poor to afford other pleasures than those of using a mattock throughout the day, that their children may break bread at night. I must use the opportunity to repeat that there cannot be a better proof of the advantages attending moderate and judicious restraints upon shooting, and the taking of game, than the evils which result from the practice in those countries where no "qualification" is required, but each one shoots when and where he likes. It sounds harsh to our ears that a tenant in fee-simple should be debarred shooting upon the grounds he has paid for, and yet do his true interests suffer? are his essential liberties impaired by a measure which refers him for amusement to the plough and hoe, instead of the and gun?

October is beautiful from other causes than those

I have named. There is a calmness and serenity in the air, especially from the commencement to the middle of the month, which forcibly remind one of the two most beautiful things in nature, the matured and mellowed beauty of a lovely and virtuous wife, and the death-bed of a resigned Christian. There is an invigorating and gladdening spirit, "a gentle and soothing Ariel" abroad at that time, which sheds a delicious balm over the feelings, making us happy and pleased with ourselves and the world, we know not why or wherefore. The fall of the leaf, so like the departure of man to the dust, it is true, induces pensive thoughts in him disposed to be contemplative; but the general effect of the air in this month is to renovate health and to create contentment, inward peace of mind, and an increased flow of spirits.

I cannot exactly tell why I prefer November, but I do. Perhaps my preference for this more bleak and churlish month arises from my taste for domestic pleasures, my singular—my unaccountable predilection for the species of happiness, which I call "fireside happiness." Mine is not the, "and so

domestic," faculty of yawning away three hours at home, which mothers ascribe to their daughters, when setting out their "good points" to a bachelor of expectations, but an innate, born-with-me disposition to be happier at home than elsewhere. Nor is it the pleasure of sitting still and lying still, though neither of these modes of existence deserves the many hard things which have been said of it. I don't know exactly why it is, but so it is. Joy is certainly fostered and promoted by cold weather and a brisk fire. Build up a good fire, I care not much whether it be of coal or wood, I prefer the former, and assemble some six or eight pleasant and well-educated persons of both sexes around it, rather more females than males, say about five to three, close the shutters, light candles, and sit down to lively and sprightly conversation, or to music, with a rubber of whist to end the evening, and I am furnished with the material of happiness. You may have these things in October, but not so pleasantly, nor can you unite them so well in December. When we add, however, to the enjoyments common to either month, the health that is generally its perquisite, and the

boon of a contented and thankful heart, we shall find ourselves, as far as our natures will permit, furnished with every thing necessary to our happiness.

It may not be amiss to say a few words of the amusements and diversions of the people of New England, at this season of the year—a picture of national manners, and such this assumes to be, would be incomplete without such a sketch.

When the labours of the New England agriculturalist are terminated for the year, by the housing of his crops, he has nothing more to do but get in his stock of winter fuel. He is not, as in England, Belgium, and some other places, a being who labours unceasingly, busy as a moth from daylight to twilight; he has or makes more intervals of rest than are profitable or becoming. It is true his climate, which is dry, with long winters, forbids, were he ever so industrious, his giving to his fields the beautiful carpet of green, which belongs to England, Ireland, and parts of Belgium; but the warm sun, of which he gets a larger quantity and in greater perfection, would, were he equally industrious, patient, and atten-

tive, afford him a far greater return of crops of the grains, which depend more on heat than moisture, than can be procured from the earth in any European country. But he will not labour ; wonder not then that his fields soon become impoverished, his herds lean, and his crops scanty.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE mentioned duck-shooting as a favourite sport of the New England people ; nearly allied to it is the characteristic " shooting match ;" where large numbers of keen and practised sportsmen assemble—oftentimes from a distance of ten or even fifteen miles, to contest the palm of shooting. Until near mid-winter, the object contended for is a fat turkey or goose,—later, a half crown, or its double, is usually the prize. You shall, sometimes, see thirty or forty young men assemble : " Jucket and Sogg, from Assawomsit ;" " Doty, from Scragg Neck ;" " Phipps, from Beaver Dam," &c. &c.—the Russian Court Guide shall be nothing to it for hard names. The turkeys, geese, or whatever are the objects contended for, belong to him who " makes the match."

Upon a perfectly level field is placed a board,

upon which a figure resembling, and about the size of, a turkey or goose, is chalked out, and into some part of this figure the shooter must throw a bullet. This, it must be remarked, is for a "smooth bore" gun ; for a rifle, he will be required to hit the neck, or it may be a round O, about the size of a crown, in the centre of the figure. The distance the object is placed from the shooter varies—when a rifle is to be used, thirty rods is the usual distance ; when a smooth bore, from sixty to eighty yards. The shooter is generally allowed to "rest his piece," that is to take aim with the muzzle of his gun resting upon another's shoulder, or upon a cross rail fixed up for the purpose. Each pays so much for permission to shoot once.

When the report takes place, the noise and hubbub which ensue baffle description—it is confusion worse confounded. Great numbers of boys are always in attendance ; and, besides, ragamuffins, and blackguards congregate there as surely as Shylock's merchants did on the Rialto. If the shooter has deposited his bullet within the ring, or ideal object, he takes his choice of the turkeys,

or geese, or whatever else he has been contending for. Another "pays his shot" and succeeds—to lose, or to win and wear his prize, like his predecessor; and so on till the whole are disposed of, or the insufficiency of the company to "kill" them is proved. In the meantime, "whistles having been pretty well wet," (an American phrase for drinking,) "lots of fun" abound; wrestling matches take place; and, sometimes, a milling match or two is got up from the remains of an old and unadjusted quarrel. These sports are by no means honourable to the character of New England, and were always lamented by the wise and prudent, whose influence was, however, not great enough to effect their suppression.

Another amusement of the lower classes is found in what are called "huskings." The occasion is this. When the *maize*, or Indian corn, becomes ripe and fit to be gathered, notice is given that, "on such or such a night, Mr. Johnson or Mr. Smith will have a husking." Mr. J. or Mr. S. go to work, and gather in their corn, which is deposited, on a clean piece of sward, unhusked, *i. e.* unstripped of its leaves, in rows of greater or

lesser length, nicely rowed up. Upon the stated night, at about seven or eight o'clock, crowds of young men and boys begin to assemble from far and near, coming sometimes fifteen miles to take part in the frolic. They labour in stripping the husks from the ears of corn till the whole is finished, which may be eleven or twelve o'clock at night. As the labour is not of a nature to compel them to be silent, and as rum is circulated profusely, you may be sure that a noisier crowd is seldom seen out of the halls of Momus. Songs, generally profane and indelicate, shouts, Indian war-whoops, sounds in imitation of the barking of dogs, and crowing of cocks, interspersed with the rough "yo heave ho's" of the sea—every thing that can make discord, except "drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder"—are to be heard by a listener upon one of those occasions. If there is a poor negro present, he is sure to have the "devil and all played upon his black carcass." Poor old Cesar ! How have I seen thee pelted with "rotten ears," which came from so many different places at once, that it was utterly impossible to charge

the offence upon any particular person, or to say, as Nathan said to David, "thou art the man." I can almost fancy, now, when forty years have passed, that I hear the sound, "Now for the nigger!" "Hit the white of his eye, Bill!" "Aim for his teeth, John Grey!" "Fire high, Bluster!" and the poor creature's complaining outcries. "Dere! side a head, massa Lynn!" "Oh, dear, hit de nigger on he's tummock!" "B'lieve dey killa me!" &c. &c. But Cesar was always paid, and overpaid, before the company separated. He was feasted till he could feast no longer; his own language was, "Swear I neber eat so much afore." Money, too, was showered in profusion upon him; every one who fancied he had hit him gave him a penny; and, as all were anxious to be thought to excel in this kind of shuttlecock, Cesar usually went home the largest proprietor of copper in the parish.

When the corn was all husked, dancing, drinking, and feasting, the bait which had been held out to collect the company together, began, and continued, without intermission, till daylight. I should have mentioned, that many of the rustic

beaux brought their girls upon pillions behind them, so that there was the admixture and proportion of the sexes requisite to a well-ordered dance. A custom which usually created a little commotion, deserves to be mentioned. Whoever, in husking, found ears of *red* corn, or who could get others to give them to him, was entitled to claim from the girls a kiss for each and every one he held. The penalty was always demanded, and, as ladies are the last to abrogate good old customs, it was always paid, unwillingly they said, but, nevertheless, they paid it. The "Nabby, now, sha'n't I?" and the "No, I vow you sha'n't, Phil," ring in my ears even while I am writing.

There was another festive meeting of the young women of the lower class, which produced a call upon bachelors, and ended in a dance. This was a "quilting frolic," the beginning and ending of which was in this wise. We will suppose a case, in which the custom shall be exemplified. Prissy Dexter, a very pretty village belle, very naturally wishes to be married, and knowing that nothing is so attractive to a New England bachelor as the

prospect of ample protection from cold weather, she resolves that they shall see a specimen of her industry, and a proof of her preparedness for matrimony, in the shape of a quilt of as many colours as the garment in which Jacob arrayed Joseph. She makes one, and sends for all the prettiest young girls of her acquaintance to come and help her quilt it. They come—soon after dinner, and make their little fingers fly, like the pickers in a cotton-machine, until it is finished. In the meantime, the young men of the “set” have been apprized of the intended frolic, and come, bringing with them a fiddler and abundance of cheap liquors and wines. They see, they admire the quilt, and a thousand rough jokes, as to who will be the first to sleep under it, pass and are applauded. Dancing then commences, and continues until half past nine or ten o’clock, when they separate. This practice is only in use in the country, and among the lower classes.

But the prime occasion for mirth and merriment is the session of the county, or court of inferior judicature. This in our county was the months of November and May. The holding of the courts

of justice is deemed a very important matter in America, and draws together greater crowds than any other cause. Large as the counties are, sometimes forty or fifty miles square, crowds from every part of it flock to the place where the court is held. It is not alone for the transaction of the legal and ordinary purposes of judicature that they assemble, it is a kind of bourse where bargains of various kinds are entered into, and outstanding accounts of a pecuniary and not unfrequently of a *personal* nature are settled. Here old friendships are renewed, old quarrels amicably or scientifically terminated—but the purposes and achievements are innumerable and indefinite.

The New England people are not a litigious people, at least they were not forty years since, and seldom go to law; probably quite as much from a fear of the expense which attends it, as from natural placability, and disposition to avoid wrangling and contention. I must do my countrymen the justice to say, that there are fewer law-suits going on in their civil courts, and fewer returns of “a true bill” to indictments in those of criminal jurisdiction, than in any country I am

acquainted with. Not but that occasionally there is an action for assault and battery, or for a trespass of cattle upon insufficient enclosures. Murders may not happen once in twenty years ; highway robberies never ; and theft is so unfrequent, that you shall scarce hear of a docket that supplies a couple of cases in half a dozen years—at least, I know such was the state of the country forty years ago. What it is now I cannot say, not having been in that part of the country since 1784. I had then never heard of an action for *crim. con.* in New England. Upon the whole, the docket is usually so lean, that were there a law made to send the lawyers out of the country, it could, I am convinced, be cleared in a day, as well as the three usually devoted to a term.

“ Court-time ” is a holiday in New England, and is always honoured with a very full attendance of its lieges. It is spent, by those who are not actually engaged in court, in the employments before enumerated, or in wrestling, horse-racing, and the usual extravagances of men who meet for no other purpose but fun and merriment. Usually, more criminal offences are enacted during term

time than in the three months preceding it, that is, the court makes more mischief than it mends; I believe, a not unusual circumstance.

In the November term of the year 1758, several cases came on for trial, which excited a more than common degree of curiosity, and attracted larger crowds than usual—it was, upon the whole, a “Black Monday” term. The calendar was reckoned a very interesting one. One case which attracted considerable attention, and created a deal of talk was this:—A sailor, by name Jack Saunders,—I like to be particular, the doing so stamps an air of credibility upon your narrative, for it passes the capability of human impudence to invent such a thing as a name;—Jack hired a horse to go from our village to Pinfold, across Wapping’s Creek. Saunders had been drinking a little too much; and, while crossing the creek, which had been swollen by recent rains, the horse, which was a very restive one, threw him, and he was drowned. The horse was arrested, and tried for murder, but was acquitted, from want of testimony that he did the act from malice prepense! It was maintained,—out of doors, however,—I never

heard what the judge's opinion was, that an indictment for homicide could have been sustained. It was pretended by some, that the whole proceeding was a piece of waggery on the part of the gentlemen of the bar, to expose the ignorance of jurors, and their incompetency to the duty of sitting in judgement on the lives and property of their fellow-creatures.*

But the case which excited most interest, in my mind, was that of Indian Bill and his mother. Their offence was, the supposed abstraction of a quantity of corn from the house of a farmer in the parish. Bill, who was two years older than myself, had been brought up in our house till the age of fourteen, and his mother had resided, for as many years as I could remember, in a small wigwam, or cabin, not forty rods from my father's. Many were the hours I had devoted, when a boy, even when I had grown to be a very big boy, to the tales of diablerie, related by the mother,

* I have heard it asserted, that this thing actually took place in one of the southern states of America, and was intended—for the purpose mentioned by the Author—to expose the ignorance of juries.—*Note by the Editor.*

and to the strange imaginations and wayward fancies of the son. Two more singular beings never lived. The very wildness and originality of their ideas would have made them interesting, even to a philosopher, how much more to a boy delighting in the wonderful, and feeling withal the warmest friendship for them.

These individuals belonged to the remnant of a tribe who lived in the neighbourhood. They occupied, as I have said, a corner of my father's field; and here they usually cultivated a small patch of corn, the species of which bears their name. Cultivated, did I say? Yes; they cultivated the large and healthy plants with the most assiduous care; to use their own phrase, they "nursed up the warriors;" but when a plant was small and sickly, they left it to perish! This improvidence was natural to the race, and extended to whatever was entrusted to their care.

They had lived just long enough among white people to become imbued with many of their notions, and to incorporate whatever *seemed* traditional and supposititious in the Christian faith, with their own wild and singular opinions and

practices. Thus they believed, that there were two mighty spiritual intelligences, a good and an evil, opposite in nature, and each sovereign and supreme in his own dominion. They gave to the good spirit the name of the "Great Man," the other they called the "Little Man." The one took the spirits of the good, the other those of the bad; and, to avoid collision, neither interfered with the concerns of the other. But the tenet of the Christian faith which most perplexed them was, that the Good Spirit should be all powerful, and capable of restraining the Evil Spirit from afflicting men, yet fail to do so. "If the Great Man is strongest," demanded the boy, "why does he not tie up the Little Man?" This question, with all its simplicity, involved the subject so long and so idly discussed, "Why God permits sin to be in the world." In his straight forward simplicity, and thirst for knowledge, he put the question to the clergyman of the parish, who effectually cured him of an inclination to put any more polemical posers, by interpreting the theological difficulty with his whip.

Their opinions and views of a future state, and

place of rest after death were not so interesting as those of the *wild* Indian, for they had mixed up their own superstitions with the doctrines of their white teachers ; and, from the two systems, compounded a " faith," which wanted the purity of the one, and the wild and poetical beauty of the other. Nevertheless, their belief was singular and not without a touch of sublimity.

They pretended to have gained their knowledge of a future state from the source intimated in the following tale, or tradition. " There was once upon a time, many ages before, in the tribe of which they formed a part, two valiant warriors who feared nothing but shame. One of them loved and was beloved by a beautiful maiden, who persuaded her lover to undertake the journey, from a wish to know if the soul of her deceased sister remembered the promise she had made her, of feeding with sweet berries, and cherishing in her bosom, the soul of a little bird which they had mutually nursed and loved. The other warrior had lost his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and he wished to go and see with his own eyes if they used her well in the " town of souls," nor bowed her back

to heavier burthens than accorded with the faintness of advanced years.

“ They left the village of their people, and after travelling for many moons in a very crooked and difficult path, they came to a sharp and rugged rock upon which the sky was rolling to and fro with a tremendous sound, and a motion like that of the ocean when tossed about by a tempest. The winds were gambolling about the path, not as upon the earth, invisible to the eye, but with shapes, some of which were very beautiful, and some more frightful than ever entered into the conception of a mortal. The stars, which the inhabitants of the earth were accustomed to see chained within certain bounds, were there floating and dashing about in the air, like a canoe on a troubled sea. These were the dominions of the Evil Spirit who had set traps and snares and baited hooks for them, but whose arts they were ultimately enabled to baffle. After travelling for some days with much fatigue and suffering, now buffeted by the terrific forms of the north and east winds, and now a little soothed and comforted by the beautiful shapes of the breezes of the south

and west, they came to the milky way which was the path to the country of the Good Spirit. They found this path thronged with innumerable hosts of spirits of all colours and all sizes, all bound to the "great home." After travelling in this path for two snows (two years) they came to a great town surrounded by a very high wall. Within this wall, which was of vast extent, enclosing rivers, lakes, forests, *prairies*, even oceans, dwelt the souls of the good. They were possessed of every thing which could give pleasure to the red man. There was the river filled with fish, the lake filled with wild fowls, and the grove with birds. They saw in the open space a fangless panther, and heard in the thicket the growl of a fat bear that could neither bite nor *hug*. The speed of the deer was outstripped by that of the spirit, and the wings of the wild turkey and the brent-goose failed to convey them out of the reach of the sprightly inhabitants of the Town of Souls. Their corn grew up like trees, one of their pumpkins was as much as a stout man could carry, and the produce of their "bean-patch" was a thousand for one. The sky was always clear and serene, the east wind was

never allowed to come there; but whenever he made his appearance was driven thence immediately, and there was a perpetual spring, without chill or frost, the year round."

Such was their belief of a future state. It will not be necessary that I should point out what part of the tradition had been derived from the white people, the reader will need no assistance to enable him to see it.

Every thing with them was a spirit, or had its spirit. Every lake, cataract, meadow, hill, mountain, every tree which twisted itself into an unusual form, every vegetable production which grew to an unusual size, or in growing cast itself into an unusual shape, was a spirit. The winds were spirits, even the jack-o'-lantern was a potent and fearful spirit. Atmospheric phenomena of every kind were attributed to the intervention of spirits, every misfortune to their agency. They deprecated their anger, and invoked their protection continually, and were happy or miserable as they believed those invisible beings friendly or inimical to them.

Infinite were the interviews which old Sarah had had with the souls of the dead who had left

the happy abodes to wander back to the earth, some on errands so trivial and meaningless that her hearers would sometimes sigh to think that the poor creatures took such long journeys for nothing. She had seen my grandfather several times, and brought messages from him to my father. Once she had seen her mother's spirit employed in knitting woollen hose for her father's. This displeased her very much, and, according to her own story, she had sufficient *spunk* to read her a severe lecture on the shame of the thing, that she who was so abominably lazy whilst she was in this world should pretend to have acquired habits of industry in the other. She had seen the devil repeatedly, and gave me the fullest and most accurate account of old Rawhead that I have ever received. She described him as a very tall and exceedingly gaunt old gentleman, wearing his own hair, parted in the forehead, and stroked down on each side of his head, a scarlet cloak, white cocked hat, topt boots, and corderoy breeches. This to my boyish fancy seemed much more reasonable than the asbestos garments given him by the parson. His complexion was very cadaverous,

she said, his teeth rotten, and his eyes green as grass. She described him with such exceeding accuracy that I never thereafter, for more than six years, passed the "little gate in the hollow on the road to Benjamin's" by daylight without a shudder, and never at all by night.

Once she had been visited by an "angel," who was sent down to inquire in what season of the year the herrings first made their appearance at Taunton, and how many persons there were at Nantucket of the name of Coffin, and whether a certain Dr. Bradford was bookish and knowing. According to her own story she was very repulsive to this gentleman—the angel—deeming that he ought to have known all these things without troubling her about them.

The evidence produced against the prisoners was such as to satisfy every person in court that they had actually committed the theft of which they were accused, and they were accordingly found guilty by the jury, and sentenced by the court to be publicly flogged, and afterwards to be imprisoned a month. Some circumstance, I forget what it was, occurred to delay the execution of the

sentence to the next day. That night the prison was forcibly entered, and they were set at liberty. The perpetrators of the outrage were not known till some years afterwards, when the criminals, who were no other than myself and my brother James, confessed the wrong. It was not the first time that I had screened those poor outcasts from humanity from punishment. The recollection of the times I have interposed to shield them from suffering has not been among the unpleasant ones, I assure the reader.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the month of December, there was a marriage in our family, the incidents and sub-incidents of which served to enliven a few of our moments, and to chase away a little of the melancholy which had stolen upon me, and the gloom which grew deeper on the brows of my parents, and brothers, and sisters, as the hour of parting approached. Should there be among my readers any one upon whom "weariness of life" hath fastened, who would go a mile in a stormy day to behold an incident which should awaken a mirthful feeling, or dispel a mournful recollection, such will thank me for the picture I am about to give of a New England courtship and wedding, in the year 1758. There is, or rather was, for the American youth court and marry at the present

day, with as little ceremony as if they were born Frenchmen, and the "ask-my-mamma" hangs upon the lips of their maidens much as the sword hung from the ceiling of Dionysius, and may be shaken from them as easily as an apple that has hung upon the bough till winter; I say there was much that was patriarchial and primitive in the manner of wooing and wedding formerly in use in New England. It was in the conduct of their love affairs that their ultra-delicacy and puritanical notions were most fully displayed, warmest defended, and longest preserved. It is not for us who live in these days of "bold suit and service," when, to be a thriving wooer, one must adopt any rather than the "Fabian policy," and never be Slender when he has the nerve to be Archer; to hear without a smile of the respectful distance preserved by the suiters of that day with their mistresses—their half averted glances, the withholding of even a love-whisper, or gentle pressure of the hand, till papas and mammas, and uncles and aunts, and brothers and sisters had duly approved. How different is it at this day!

When I gave away my Patty, it acquired the utmost length of visage I could command for the occasion to keep my gentleman from laughing in my face while he talked of his anticipated happiness. Happiness forsooth! Had any one, upon such an occasion, fifty years before, dared to talk to a father of happiness, he would have been considered a libertine—a good-for-nothing fellow, whose morals were none of the best, and who had better be sent about his business at once.

Yet do we not find ourselves asking whether there was not more conjugal affection and fidelity in those days than there is now—whether divorces and *crim. cons.* were not fewer, and separations *a mensa*,* if not *a thoro*,* of far less frequent occurrence? If there was less heard in those meek and “soul-subdued times” of the “moonlight walk,” the “stolen kiss,” the “stammered confession,” and the “blushing answer,” with the consequent train of privileges and compliances,

* *A mensa* “from board,” *a thoro* “from bed.” These are law phrases, but more expressive and emphatic than the translation.—*Editor*.

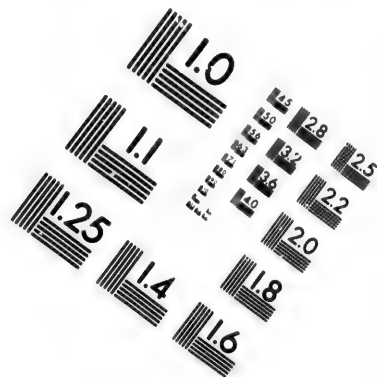
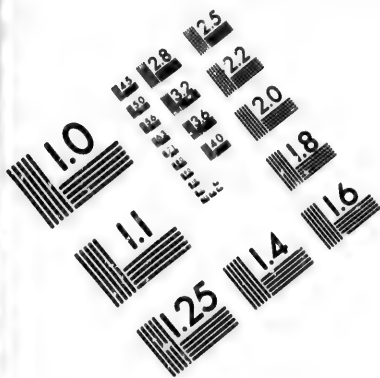
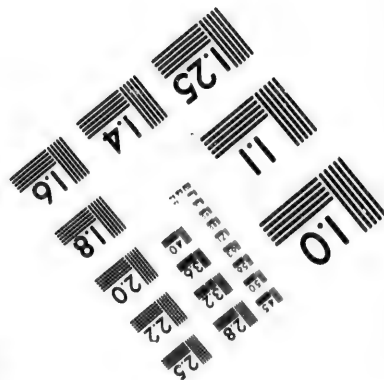
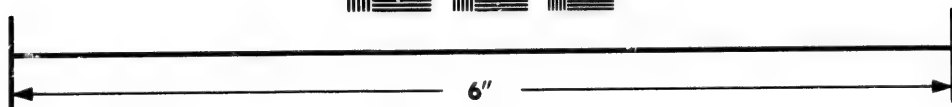
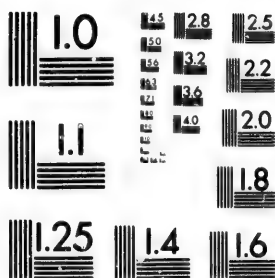


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evil, blameless, or neutral, may not the authorized and legalized tenderness have been deeper and more enduring, the post-nuptial kiss more fervent and pure? I know not, but I exert the common privilege of my countrymen, and guess. It has been said that love begins with the first sigh and ends with the first permitted kiss. I do not go quite so far as this cold maxim in my code of laws for the regulation of ante-nuptial behaviour, but I am a warm advocate, upon principle, for a very restrained intercourse between the sexes, unless sanctioned by marriage. Take my word for it, young ladies! the word of an old and observant man, that it will be all the better for the parties, if there be little lip-labour performed, and few "rings and seals" exchanged, before that ceremony takes place, which removes the interdict from indulgence, and makes that innocent and proper which was not so before its occurrence.

The young man who came to woo my sister had been in business, in the village, about two years. The phrase, "in business," to make it intelligible to European ears, requires a brief

commentary, since it describes a condition of life, and involves practices which are not found on the elder continent. I will premise that an American may be defined loosely a "human bargaining being." To be engaged in traffic is his glory and delight. And then so sharp and keen. "It is a truth," said an old friend of mine, "that I have known a countryman bargaining with a spider to weave a web for gnats, and pay him in flies, stand an hour disputing whether he should give him three or four."

In America, to be in "business," or to be "set up in business," means to be provided with and to enter into possession of a stock of merchandize foreign or the produce and manufacture of the country, or both. The display of these wares for sale, no matter how small their quantity and value, in a shop, no matter how confined, is called a "setting up in business," and in the smaller villages and country towns, makes the occupier, in common language, a "merchant." Throughout America, with the exception of the slave-holding states, where rank and exclusiveness, the impor-

tance attached to being well-born, and the disgrace attached to the following a mechanical or mercenary pursuit, obtain, strange as it may sound, in a still greater degree than in Europe, the venders and traffickers, there called "merchants," divide with the legal profession the honours and emoluments of office, and are looked up to by the common people as a superior order of men. They are more frequently than any other appointed magistrates, and elected members of the state legislature, foremen of juries, managers at balls, chairmen of political meetings, &c. &c. And though it seldom happens that there goes as much tact to the composition of those small traders as would serve to make a decent M.P., there have been instances of their becoming "congress-men," judges, even ambassadors, to say nothing of militia generals, who, it is well known, are principally manufactured out of traders. The influence they exercise, especially in the small towns and villages, is great and permanent, and their gains almost always abundant and sure.

The individual, of whom I am about to intro-

duce a description, will be a fair representative of his class—the outline of his habits, thrift, and shop, will, in so far as enterprize is concerned, be, with the usual exceptions, that of the American trader, wherever found. It is to be noticed, that there cannot be much diversity of character in the American mercantile community, for the greatest part, perhaps nine in ten of those who are engaged in trade, come from New England, and a large proportion of the remainder from the adjoining states of New York and New Jersey.

The building in which Timothy Dexter, or, as he was commonly called, “Tim Bones,” from an incident, to be related hereafter, commenced business, was of the narrow dimensions of twenty by sixteen feet, and, in height, a single story of eight. The roof only of the exterior was shingled, the upright being only close-boarded, with a careful battening of the interstices. There were shelves around three sides of the interior, above the height, with six inches to spare, of a beer-barrel, and upon these shelves were ranged the “great riches,”—my mother’s word, of this

thrifty and prudent youth. Pins, tapes, bobbins, buttons, thread, camlets, coarse cloths, of the two kinds of New England domestic manufacture, called "linsey-woolsey" and "bear-skin," tea-pots, spices, pipes, tobacco, were among the valuables with which these shelves were laden. Below, and resting upon the floor, stood a range of low casks, containing melasses, vinegar, and the cheap spirits, demanded by the thirsty class of people, to whom his dealings were chiefly confined, and who were always satisfied with the liquor sold them, so that it were capable, to use their phrase, of "making drunk come." A narrow shop-board, or counter, of planed deal, upon which stood divers water-jugs, and the cup and drinking cans, which, in defiance of the scriptural command, he so often held to his neighbour's mouth, ran the whole length of the building. The interior, totally destitute of plastering, was still further ornamented with nails, spikes, hooks, and wooden pins, driven into the posts and beams, to serve as props for rusty fowling-pieces, coils of rope, fish-lines, and the other etceteras of an

American trader purveying for the lower orders, if that expression can be used of a country, where all are equal, at least, in theory. A few three legged settles, or stools, and a bench fifteen feet in length, were the accommodations provided for those who chose to drink their dram within doors, or to extend their "lazy length in solemn show," for other purposes. Having given a sketch of the "place of business," of my future brother-in-law, my next attempt shall be to say something of its proprietor. In giving the early history of Timothy Dexter, I shall describe nine in ten of the lesser shopkeepers in America.

He too was a friendless boy, and made his way to the high dignity of a shopkeeper, solely by prudence, economy, and dexterity in traffic, aided, perhaps, a little, by cunning and over-reaching. Born of parents, the lowest of the low, vulgar, ignorant, and depraved, he had, at a very early age, shaken off the clogs imposed by his parentage and poverty, and stood forth conspicuous for a talent which bade fair to give him riches. In the language of the country, he was

known to be "a right smart lad," "a keen chap," "a raal shaver," all expressions declaring the popular opinion of his thrift and sagacity. His commercial career may be dated from his ninth birth-day. The nature, quantity, and value of the transaction which developed his trading tact, is characteristic, and deserves to be recorded. His first speculation was in bones!—beef-bones; the quantity, half a Winchester bushel. A year before this memorable era in the fortunes of Mr. Dexter, a button-mould maker, travelling through the village in quest of the raw material of his trade, employed the boy Timothy to collect it, promising to give him half-a-crown per Winchester bushel, for all he should collect. The boy instantly set about the task, and unweariedly employed himself, until he had, as he supposed, acquired the property in half-a-crown. But he was doomed to have his hopes prostrated; his employer disappeared, leaving the bones in the hands of their unremunerated collector. It was not in the nature of the prudent boy to throw aught away, and it was quite as foreign to it to give any

thing away, which might, by any the remotest possibility, become valuable, and he deposited the bones in one of the dark nooks of his father's garret, where they remained undisturbed for many months. It so happened, in some moment of boyish intercourse, that an act of more than usual kindness in an associate melted his heart, and, to show his sense of the favour, he gave him his bones! Repentance, sincere and fervent, soon followed. The occurrence of which I am about to speak was minuted down by him as a warning against the indulgence of grateful feelings in after years, and was the cause, it was said, why it was the last generous action he was ever known to perform. The button-maker returned, and renewed his offer. His prodigality, and the loss he had sustained by his thoughtless gratitude, cut him to the heart. After deliberating a few minutes, he went to the donee, and demanded back the bones. They were returned, and Tim hastened with them to the button-maker, and received his half-crown.

This was the capital with which my brother-in-

law commenced business, and this was the occurrence, which gave him, in after life, the nickname, or epithet, of "Tim Bones." I should mention that he had another, "Sorril," given him by the boys, on account of his red hair. It was that by which he was always known, until the affair of the button-maker occurred. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether he knew he had any other, for when he was asked by his catechist, "what was his name," he answered, "Sorril," and upon being asked who gave it to him, answered, "the boys in the parish." At least, this was the story, though some said it was altogether an invention of that mad creature, Jack Reeve. It served, however, to fix the nickname upon him, and the object of the perpetrator was answered.

He laid out the two shillings and sixpence received for bones, in the "tongues and sounds" of cod-fish, collected here and there fresh, and, therefore, cheap. These, when cured, he "swapped" for a keg of rum, which, with the aid of a cool and sweet rivulet, near at hand, he turned into a fine penny. He went on plodding and spe-

culating, at once the admiration and the laughing stock of the village; one class of the inhabitants, the more aged and reflecting, calling him that "smart lad, Timothy Dexter," and extolling him to the skies; another, the young and thoughtless, ridiculing him for the qualities which procured him the admiration of their elders, and distinguishing him by the different nicknames of "Sorril," "Swap," and "Bones."

But Timothy throve, notwithstanding the jibes and sneers which were dealt out by his neighbours. A second fortunate speculation, quite as singular and extraordinary as the first, put him in possession of still larger means of indulging his darling passion of traffic.

I have mentioned the old tar, Jack Reeve, and his propensity to fun and extravagance. He became, while indulging it, the unconscious instrument of Timothy's making another fortunate move in the game of life,—as he was wont to boast afterwards, "he helped poor Sorril up a d——d many rounds of the ladder." In a moment of unsuspecting confidence, the latter confided to

Jack the important secret, that he had made himself master of forty crowns, and asked the opinion of the merry old sailor "how he should employ it to best advantage, and in what speculation it was likely to make the largest return."

Jack answered, with his usual good nature, that "he'd be d——d, now, if this wasn't the very thing he wanted. I'm your friend, Sor—Tim." continued he, "and I'll shew it, by the secret I'll let out, and the sheet-anchor advice I'll give you, my boy. When I was with old Sir Piercy Brett, in the Cockedoodledo,—Heard of the ship, say?"

"Never," answered the boy.

"Well; she was the largest ship that ever sailed on the ocean. Once upon a time, when she was tacking in the Channel of England, her bowsprit knocked over a light-house on the coast of France while, at the same moment, her spanker-boom swept off a flock of sheep feeding on Dover Cliffs."

"Do you know who—bought the wool?" asked the boy.

"Not I, you skinker. There were grog-shops on the yard-arms; and she was so 'tant', that a lad of fifteen, who went aloft to hand the main-royal, after using all possible despatch, came down an old man, gray as a rat. Well; I was with old Sir Piercy—it was the same cruise in which he did that wonderful feat, which has been so much talked of—beat up, from St. Kitts to Grenada, two hundred leagues in two *tides*, against trade-wind and *current*—true as gospel, or may I never—Well; we put into Montego Bay, in a hurricane; weather as hot as h—ll; and if there was—a warming-pan to be found in all Jimeka, then you are neither—"Bones" nor "Sorril," "Swap" nor Timothy. Gad! how cross the admiral was. He threatened to hang up every planter, shop-keeper, overseer, negro, whether black or white, blue or yellow."

"Did he?" asked the boy, with extreme astonishment.

"Aye, did he; English, Scotch, Irish, Yankee, Mandingo, Koromantyn, Whidah, Fidah, Benin, Congo, 'twas all one. 'Look you;

d—n me, says he'—he'd a mighty bad practice of swearing ; but, though both I and the chaplain tried to mend him, it was all of no use—' Look you, d—n me, says he, when next I come this way, see that every father's son of you be furnished with a good brass warming-pan, or it will be the worse for you.' Now, I'll tell you what I am thinking of."

" What ?" demanded the boy eagerly.

" Why, that you shall supply the island of Jimeka with warming-pans."

" But, don't you think somebody has supplied them before now."

" I could almost swear, and would, if I didn't hate the practice, that they haven't. Nobody but a sharp-witted, screw-auger sort of a body, like you and me, one who is up to snuff, would ever have thought of the thing."

" What shall I do ?"

" Do ! why, buy and ship as many warming-pans as you can pick up, with Captain Kimball, in the Sally, which goes next week to Montego Bay—the very spot. But, mum—say nothing ; if

you blab there'll be an end of the matter. Greene and Ninepence, or Buckles and Bagster, will be snapping it up, as one of your West India sharks does a Guinea nigger : keep it to yourself. Good bye."

And away went Jack to enjoy a laugh at his joke, but without a suspicion that the boy would take the thing seriously. He set about it, however, at once ; and collected, with as much privacy as possible, a large quantity of warming-pans, to send to a climate where the coldest weather was almost equal to fever heat ! Yet this speculation, the most absurd that ever entered into the head of a mortal, yielded a thousand per cent. profit. The bottoms of the pans were sold at ten times their cost, duty, and charges, for sugar-ladles in the boiling-houses ; and the perforated covers, or tops, were purchased up, at an equal advance, for skimmers ! Even the handles were disposed of, but I forget for what purpose, and at a price far beyond the original cost of the entire article. The neat sum obtained for the adventure was laid out in sugar ; and this, received at a fortunate mo-

ment, and turned by the shrewd boy in the most advantageous manner, yielded, also, a handsome profit. To sum up in the fewest words possible, the forty crowns yielded four hundred and seventy.

He presently came to be reckoned one of those "whom the devil helps;" in other words, very lucky and fortunate. Greene and Ninepence, seeing that every thing prospered under his care, proposed to him to go out in a small sloop of their's, to Martinique, with a cargo of hogs and deal board. He was to have a small commission on the sale of the lumber; and, as there is usually a gain in the admeasurement, he was to have, besides, "one-half of all he sold more than there was!"* When he arrived, he found that one of his pigs had its back broke; he tied its legs, and sold it, with several others, as it was. There being no wharfs, he made a part of his lumber into a raft, deep and of small surface, and offered

* A literal fact. It formed one of the articles of agreement between an American supercargo, of the name of M'Clain, and his owners.

it for sale, as containing "two thousand feet:" there proved to be four hundred more. The purchaser believing him a paragon of honesty, took the next raft, which was purposely made broad and shoal, at more than double the number of feet it really contained. Sorril made a fine speculation for himself, and one which satisfied the owners.

Soon after his return he attempted to build a small vessel, for a coaster. When her sides were partly planked up, his builder went to him, and informed him, that he was in want of *wales*, (planks for the bends of the ship). Dexter did not fairly understand what was meant; he supposed, however, that it was the bones of a whale; and, accordingly, he bought up all the whalebone there was in the market. Some extraordinary event, I forget what, a few months after, converted this absurd speculation into one of equal profit with the last.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE went on, accumulating stock and increasing in means, till soon his shop exhibited something better than a beggarly account of empty boxes. Withal, he began to use the conventual and trades-cant language of his craft ; learned better than to call thirteen pence " one and one pence," as it was said he did when he first opened his shop ; and talked, with a glib tongue, of " losing bargains," " remarkably cheap," " bought at a sacrifice," " sold at a loss," and other matters, which, if fibbing be punished in another world, will go very near to fill the naughty place with haberdashers, grocers, mercers, milliners, and all that sort of thing. He was very punctual in his payments, and, I believe, as nearly honest as a trader can be. That is, his weights and measures were within ten per cent. of the legal standard ; he sold

his sugar with a trifling alloy of sand, and put very little water into his liquors, unless he bought them much stronger than they ought to be, for the good of the public, and the interests of morality, when his visits to the rivulet were more frequent. Upon the whole, he was called, and I think with reason, an honest trader.

A more industrious man than he never lived. Every morning, an hour before the lark was abroad, he opened the doors of his shop, and swept it out, took down the shutters of his window, dusted the goods, washed the counter, rinsed the drinking-cups, and was prepared to accommodate the boatmen, and early stirrers, with the rum, biscuits, and other things required to their fitting out for the day's labour. Those were times when early rising, and incessant watchfulness, unceasing industry, and frugality in expense, brought a man to wealth. His principal capital, then, was industry and punctuality. His bank was the good report of men, and his endorsers economy and good management.

I shall never forget the night, when the wooing of the fair lady may be said to have commenced.

It is true, the suitor was supposed for some time to have looked with eyes of favour upon my sister. He had frequently made her presents of apples; and once, I recollect, sent her a skein of silk, and a couple of large darning-needles, as presents: but it was only from the evening which followed a *sleighbing party* that the "perfect understanding" may be dated. Shall I describe the occasion which gave birth to this marriage? Sleighbing is the national amusement of the Americans during winter. The vehicle itself is but a better kind of that which in England is called a sled. It is similarly constructed, and bears a similar name in the north of Europe. I once saw, in Nottinghamshire, what would have passed for a New England sleigh—a vehicle built, painted, and harnessed in just the same fashion. That in which the young people of our hamlet usually made their excursions was called a double one. It consisted of something less than a thousand feet of boards, unpainted, unplaned, and in this rough state, and with an eye only to its durability, nailed together, and appended to two poles. The team which drew it was usually a couple of brown horses; but when

there were a great many to be taken out in it, for it would hold, Jack Reeve said, half as many persons as a man-of-war, two other horses were added, usually Captain Maltby's lame cob, and Mr. Merry's superannuated galloway. To the collars of each of the horses two small bells were affixed, the jingling of which was supposed to act as a kind of spur, and was the accompaniment to the "go along I telle" of the driver.

This driver was Cesar, so renowned in the annals of "husking;" the general oracle; in many matters, the controller, and in all the adviser of the people of our hamlet. He, too, deserves a passing word; for the class to which he belonged, to wit, slaves, numerous in my youthful days, exist no longer. Cesar was a *Pawpaw*, or Whidah, torn from the mud-walled cabin of his father, on the banks of the Volta, on the Slave Coast Proper, whilst yet a slender boy. He was not so young though, at the period of his abduction, but that he remembered many of his country's superstitions, and talked like a veracious chronicler of the spirits and goblins which peopled the groves of palms and plantains upon the banks of his native river.

With the superstitions of Africa he had mixed those of the American Indians, a small tribe of which lived not far from us. He knew, also, and could repeat with astonishing accuracy, the thousand and one witch stories current in New England. Then, he could play sweetly on the fiddle, and was decidedly the best charioteer in the village. Who can wonder at the immense popularity he enjoyed, when it was he who so often beguiled the lagging hours of the aged with the story of a life spent in Africa, the West Indies, and other regions, brimful of incident and adventure; when it was his nimble fingers which discoursed "Over the Shoals," "The Dusty Miller," "High Betty Martin," and other tunes, which sent the lads and lasses upon the floor in lively reels and jigs; when it was he who collected the great crowd of urchins upon the village green, of a Saturday afternoon, to listen to his long narratives of the experiences he had had among witches and goblins in two hemispheres. None, sure, will be surprised at the great degree of favour he enjoyed.

The equipment of the young men and women of our party deserves especial mention. Each was

dressed out in his or her "go-to-meeting," or Sunday apparel, it being the fashion of the country to don their best attire for the simplest occasion. The girls wore linsey-woolsey gowns, checked aprons and drugget cloaks—cardinals I cannot call them, for it was only when they were worn by the great that they took that ambitious title. Galoshes, or overshoes, made of list, and nicely laced to the ankle, protected the feet, an office which was performed for the hand by coarse woollen mittens, to knit which was, and is, to a proverb, the employment of the women on the maritime border of New England, in the long evenings of autumn and winter. The other sex, too, were dressed like him who went to woo "Sally in our Alley,"

"All in their best,"

which, however, was nothing more than a roundabout, and trowsers of the coarse cloth, vulgarly called "bearskin," with a peajacket, or sailor's great coat, of the same coarse material as the body suit. A large cotton handkerchief, tied over the ears, and fastened under the chin of each, protected the former from freezing; and the feet were

cased in shoes as heavy and clumsy as a pair of Lincolnshire shooting shoes. Thus appalled, they set out with the happy and loquacious Cesar as their charioteer, and provided with a variety of good things to make the evening pass pleasantly—cakes, pies, tarts, a cold baked goose, eggs for the making of “egg-nogg,” sugar for the sweetening, lemons for the souring, and cinnamon and nutmeg for the spicing, of toddy and punch. Reader! that hast ever been at a New England merry-making amongst the vulgar, thou wilt be at no loss to call to mind the various and discordant, the rare and odd viands that went to its composition. Positively, I have seen, at these rustic feasts, a plate of custards standing beside a boiled goose, and onions served with a plum-pudding and pumpkin pies.

Upon their arrival, and as soon as the blood could be made to circulate through the half-frozen hands and feet, and the customary greetings and salutations had taken place, the Pawpaw tuned his fiddle, the beaux put on their huge square-toed pumps, the belles threw off their galoshes to display their little feet in peaked-toed, high-heeled

slippers, and the noisy dance began. The hour of commencing was four o'clock, p. m. They danced until half past eight, when they returned home; for to be abroad after nine, on common occasions, was considered, at that time, in New England, a sure sign of moral depravity, as well as lax parental rule. I was not of this party; some excuse served me to spend the evening at home with my parents, but my sister Sally, whose talents at description were of a high order, gave me the above very circumstantial account.

That night completed my sister Jenny's conquest. The day after the next my father received a letter from Mr. Dexter, worded with all the formality supposed necessary to the transaction of commercial business, stating the amount of his debts, credits, stock, cash in the till, &c. all written in large copy hand, requesting permission to "come and see" (the New England phrase for soliciting to marriage) "his daughter." I must, however, remark that this was out of the usual course of things amongst the lower classes, with whom matrimonial projects were much easier, and with much less ceremony, ripened into accomplishment, than

they were among the higher classes. Indeed, so unusual was the course adopted by Mr. Dexter that, I am sure the missive, which hailed Macbeth "thane of Cawdor" was not less looked for than the paper which made known the hopes and intentions of Mr. Dexter respecting my sister. Indeed, it was so out of the way for one in his station addressing a family so poor and humble as ours, that Sally, in defiance of a horrid frown from the "elect lady," declared, that "Sorril was, after all, a great fool."

The scene which took place at the reception and opening of that letter was well calculated to provoke laughter. The lover brought it himself to the head of the little lane; some twenty rods from the house, where he committed it for the final posting to a deaf and dumb boy, who put it in through a broken pane of glass, at the early hour of eight in the morning, and in the midst of a tremendous fall of snow. It was a very cold day, and those of the family who had risen were shivering over a half-kindled fire, and those who had not were from time to time peering out to see what progress was making in raising the flame

to the height which should make it safe to venture forth, when the announcement that there was a "letter, a great big letter, fastened together with red wax, for father" brought all the absentees from their warm beds in the teeth of the peril. We knew not what to make of it. My father placed himself at the side of my mother, as he was wont to do upon any important occasion, put on his spectacles, and broke the fearful seal, his hand trembling with fear that the innocent scrawl would disclose some afflicting event. My younger brothers, two of them but half dressed, stood peering over his shoulder, or thrusting their heads under his arm to listen to the wordy epistle. It was the first, bearing the impression of a seal, which had ever been received by my father.

When the contents had been duly made known, and the figures carefully added up by Michael—at his urgent request, (he was studying arithmetic,) to see that they were all right, our house could have vied with Babel for noise. There was singing, laughing, dancing, screaming, huzzaing, clapping of hands, stamping, and the various other discordant strains of merriment which take place upon joyful

occasions in the dwellings of those whom no ceremony binds to a regulated "choir service." Some slapped Jenny upon the shoulder, others kissed her, some gently, others roughly.

"Mother," asked Sally, "shall us have a great wedding?"

"Mother, will Sorril come in a shay?" demanded Michael.

"Pshaw! Mikey, you mustn't call him Sorril now," said my mother, hoping to silence his mischievous tongue by kindness.

"Well, Swap, then, mother?"

"Nor Swap neither, my child."

"Bones?"

"Michael!" said my father, doing the best he could to look stern, "if you don't be quiet, and let alone calling Mr. Dexter nicknames, I'll even see if I can't cure you with a whip, I will."

Michael then turned his wit and interrogatories into another channel. "Mother, if you make a plumb-pudding—a boiled pudding, what will you do for a bag? remember the pig tore the old one to pieces. Father, will Cesar come with his fiddle? Mother, will us, too, have cake, great big

heaps of cake, as Molly Sprague had when she was married? Tim, you can't be at home, you've no shoes. But you can take some of your mackerel, and——Swap——oh, the Lord!——don't, father, I'll never say so again while I've——*bones* in my body," &c.

As soon as silence could be restored, my father demanded of my sister what answer should be made Mr. Dexter. The business was soon settled by her modest acknowledgement, that she didn't know, but she *guessed* that, if they thought it for the best, she would venture to—to marry him.



"But do you like him?" asked my father.

"Why s—o—m—e," said Jenny; "and I guess I shall like him more the more I know of him."

"And, now, Lynn," said my father, chuckling at the idea that my sister was to marry a rich—fool, "you must answer the letter." I pleaded hard with my father to make a personal call upon the suitor, but the idea had taken complete possession of his mind that writing was just the thing, and he would not, as usual, be persuaded. So I sat down, and wrote from his and my mother's dictation as follows. I have made no alteration in the

style and arrangement; and I have also given a fac simile of the scrawls and blots occasioned by Michael's twitchings and joggings.

Sir Dec^r 8th 1757

I embrace this opportunity to let you know that we are all well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have your letter and conclude to give you my daughter - wife says the same, but I shall not write you a long letter Mike is so duced troublesome and wont be still but jogs and furches every line. And now he has got the pen and is making a sloop  I cannot give you much for you know we are very poor - say the old chairs, a warming pan the great brass kettle the devil has broke loose again  Mike wont let us write any more so come to us

Yours affectionately

Simon Haverhill

Michael Haverhill

The best I can do but I'm little

The lover came that evening, and the business was concluded. They were "published," that is, proclaimed, the next sabbath, and the marriage took place as soon as the "three Sundays" of proclamation, required by law, were completed.

The manner of conducting a wedding in New England, at the period I am writing of, may be learned from the description I am about to give of that which took place in our family. Great weddings, by which I mean lavish expenditure, and a great accumulation of company, were then the prevailing fashion, from the humblest cottage to the proudest mansion. The poorest labourer vied with the most opulent gentleman—that is, he asked as many as his house could contain, and he gave them to eat and drink far more than his means permitted. It was not seldom that the expense attending these weddings put the family, to use a sea phrase, "upon short allowance" for a twelvemonth after. These expensive weddings cannot be said to have had their origin in social feeling and love of merriment, or of whiskey, like those of the Irish, for the inhabitants of New England are, by nature, extremely parsimonious,

sober as judges, grave and solemn as deacons, and care, in general, far less for a merry-making than for the coin it melts to procure it. But they are very proud, and thence prone to indulge upon occasions in great expense, that their doings may be noised abroad, and the reputation of liberality and ability to spend may rest with them.

My mother, who took upon herself the ordering of Jenny's wedding, was careful to see that the company were paired with the most scrupulous regard to age and inclination. And here Michael, for the first time in my recollection, made himself useful.

Altogether, the company consisted of about sixty;—could the house have contained a thousand it would have been filled. They were invited to attend precisely at three o'clock. At three o'clock they came. It was a clear, cold evening, when girl after girl, making use of Nature's simplest mode of volition, came trotting along in their pattens over the frozen snow with as much glee as if they had been drawn by six of the finest bays that ever were harnessed to a Lord Mayor's state-coach. Some of the women rode upon pillions

behind their partners, and a few came in sleighs ; but the greater part were on foot.

It was usual for the parson to delay his coming till four or half-past four o'clock ; the latter time had passed upon this occasion before he came. The interval between the assembling of the company and the arrival of the parson was what the young people called the " cream of the business," and was variously passed by the guests, as their ages, dispositions, and pursuits were various. The boys and girls passed it in mirth and laughter, in romping and flirting ; the more aged and seriously inclined, in conversation upon sober and serious matters, the weather, the state of the church, and of markets for fish and train oil, the war in Canada, the late sea-fights in the West Indies, &c.

At last came the parson, full dressed, in gown, cassock, band, and a wig of monstrous proportions. It was not the custom in 1758, as at the present day, for a parson to attend a wedding in simple black coat and trousers. Nothing less than full canonicals served then ; and the omission

to don the best apparel was construed into great disrespect. His suit must be a very good black, his band lawn, and very white, and his demeanour as reverend as his wig.

The appearance of the parson was the signal for silence, a smooth brow, and a staid manner. Soon the waiters, who were no other than my eldest brother and sister, entered, the former sustaining a shining mahogany tray, borrowed for the occasion from a neighbour, upon which were an infinite number of tea-cups and saucers, which, according to the fashion of the times, held but little more than a common thimble. The twin waiter, borne by my sister, was piled high with nut-cakes and bread and butter. When the company had partaken of the tea, and its attendant dainties, the bride and bridegroom, with the bride's men and bride's maids, entered from the back room, where they had been sitting with a very lame attempt at state. The party soon arranged themselves, and Mr. Hawes united the pair. When it was finished, the parson made a long and serious address to the young couple, during which the

conduct of the company varied much. My parents wept, the elderly ladies looked with much meaning at the young unmarried females, who put up their lips, and played with their feet on the floor, in affected dislike of the subject-matter of the discourse; whilst the young men hunched each other with their elbows, and grinned slyly at the sober truths uttered by the reverend gentleman. Michael was, of course, as "busy as the devil in a hurricane," and asked Sally, in a whisper, which was overheard by half the company, "If she ever see'd Sorril look so well before."

Soon after, the parson took his leave. To those who know the restraints his presence imposed, it is unnecessary to say that the pleasure manifested at his removal of himself was by no means equivocal. The hubbub commenced with saluting the bride. The kisses employed in the performance of this duty sounded like an irregular discharge of fire-arms. This service ended, the fiddle of the happy Cesar began to discourse its beautiful discords. The newly-married couple and my father and mother were out for the first dance;

after which the company danced reels and jigs till supper was ready. I cannot find space to give this supper a full description; suffice it to say, that it consisted of all the genuine Yankee delicacies, meats—baked, boiled, and stewed, pumpkin pies and puddings, cranberry and apple pies, gingerbread, &c. &c. I shall say nothing of the vast quantity eaten by the guests, or of the *goût* with which they swallowed the choice bits provided for them.

When the feast was ended, the subsidiary purpose of the feast, the joking and rallying, succeeded. Some of the jokes were “rather too much to the purpose;” but it was considered that no “harm was meant,” and they passed off well enough.

At an early hour they separated; and so ended the occasion which served to give a little variety to a gloomy month. It furnished a subject for a great deal of talk among the villagers—that part of whom who were not invited—declaring that so foolish and wicked a thing had never been done within their recollection. “He’d better have laid it out in a cow,” said Margery Luce.

" He'd better have bought a bed with the money ;" said Temperance Howland.

" After all, Sorril is a fool ; and it can't be any great catch tō get a fool," said Dinah Davis.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE winter of 1758-9 passed away without the occurrence of any thing of very great importance to break its quiet. In the month of January, 1759, there were two vessels cast away, the plundering of which afforded considerable business, and brought some money, or money's worth, to the village. There was an arbitration of the claims for saving the part which was not stolen, but which might just as well have been, for the charges amounted, as usual, to something more than the value of the articles saved. There were three or four marriages in the place, and the usual proofs exhibited, both "at the present time," and "in future," of the great value of a fish diet in settling new countries. There were two "accidents," both in the family of the pious puritan Deacon Lumbert; and there was, besides, the

usual quantity of minor joys and sorrows, good and ill fortune. Becky Peabody married General Trimbush, of Sag Harbour, and Captain Dill ran away with the daughter of His Excellency Governor Mayhew, of Chilmark, and got—forgive me the expression, most cursedly bit. Upon the whole, the lottery of marriage that year afforded far less than its usual proportion of blanks—it was a “white year” in the records of matrimony.

It may be remembered that I had fixed upon the month of March for my departure. As that month approached, the gloom deepened upon the faces of my family. At their persuasion I consented to defer my going till my brother John should be so far recovered from the effects of a bad fall upon the ice as to be able to take his seat in the fishing-boat. I knew his seat could be otherwise filled—there were twenty ready to take the unemployed oar, but I also knew, and properly appreciated, the beautiful feeling which induced my affectionate parents to seize on this pretext to detain me at home, and render nugatory the consent I had wrung from them. The love of a mother for her children probably is the strongest

passion of which human nature is susceptible, and sometimes leads to singular modes and proofs of affection. I am certain that the love my mother bore me would have made her wish my brother John a cripple for life, so it should have been the means of detaining me at the parental hearth-stone. I cannot describe the disappointment which was visible in her countenance when the bruises began to put off their blue and purple livery, and the staff was dispensed with, and the announcement was made that within four days "he would be as well as ever." She could not control her tears, and rushed from the dinner table to give vent to them in another apartment.

To prepare the family gradually for the event, and to render the parting as little painful as possible, I began to bustle about, and to make my preparations for departure. The bare mention of the army threw my mother into great agony. It had been one of the multifarious employments of that sad fellow, old Jack, to sit cross-legged at our winter-fire, and detail his imminent perils and hairbreadth escapes in the old German wars. He had all the partiality of a veteran tar for the ocean,

and exalted the dangers and hardships of military life, and depressed those of the naval with as little truth as courtesy. If you believed him, and my mother did with the faith of a devotee, it was just nothing at all to be drowned, or killed by a musket or cannon ball fired from a ship, or to be transfixed with a boarding pike in her nettings, but it was exceedingly painful as well as troublesome to be killed in "the campaigning business, in that same thundering land-service." She had listened to these stories till she believed them, and now, as a consequence, attached the same opinions to the two modes of warfare that were held by the veracious chronicler of the glories of Hawke and Anson. To sooth her as much as possible I promised that I would take a sea voyage before I tried military life. It was not necessary that I should apprise her of my determination not to go an iota beyond this engagement—unless indeed that upon a further acquaintance with the ocean, I should like it well enough to make it the field of my future exertions. Probably, the life of a sailor is easier than that of a soldier, but glory was my object, and I suppose it easier attained in the conflicts of

armies upon the land than of navies upon the ocean. Yet, valour and heroism are quite as conspicuous in the sailor as the soldier—perhaps more universally so. It need not be said that when sailors fight it is more like devils than like men. There is something in nautical life and pursuits which cultivates the rough and martial energies of our nature, without extinguishing those which are essentially mild and tender, and by accustoming us to one class of terrors inspires us with resolution to face that of another. Though valour be valour every where, and true courage the same in all situations, it is certain that no class of men so little fear death and danger as those who are bred to the ocean, and accustomed betimes to the terrors of a sea-storm, and a sea-battle. To them the former is absolutely nothing at all, and the latter a mere frolic,—rather a grave one, it is true, but still a frolic, and is met with as little tremor of the nerves, as the first dance after a return from a three years' cruise. How is this insensibility to fear acquired? By habit? The initiated say it is, and Jack himself will tell you that—

“ When once you're used to it, 'tis nothing at all.”

Whatever were my thoughts of the comparative value of the two branches of the "Killing-no-Murder" trade, I kept them to myself, and went on in orderly preparation for my intended voyage. There was about twenty shillings due to me from the farmers for whom I had done work ; and this was appropriated to the purchase of articles absolutely necessary to my equipment. I collected my clothes—a lean wardrobe—and set my sisters to repairing them, replacing the metal or pewter buttons with the more characteristic buttons of horn, and sewing patches upon the elbows, and wherever the cloth had given way, or was likely to do so soon. They made me a number of shirts of "checked homespun," (a kind of coarse cotton cloth,) and of red baize, and my dear mother, with many sighs and tears, but not a word of complaint, sat down to mend my stockings, and to knit me a couple of woollen caps, or wigs. My father covered me a couple of hats with new " tarpaulins," *i. e.* canvass besmeared with tar ; my brother James painted my sea-chest anew, and put on a new lock ; whilst Timothy, not to be behind the others in kindness, went to work, and introduced half a

fathom of codline through the handle of my huge jack-knife, in order to its being slung around my neck, the approved mode of carrying this indispensable article of nautical life. These are the known preparations of sailor-boys for their maiden voyage. These details may be uninteresting,—undoubtedly will be so to many, for I have not said a word about the “Duke,” or the “Duchess,” nor named “Sir Peter,” or “Lady Wilhelmina,” once. But I must again remind my readers that mine is a tale of humble life, and embraces a portion of the simple annals of the poor. I will not consent to destroy its verisimilitude, because the refined may choose to smile at my homely descriptions and unadorned phraseology. Upon my own head be the disgrace, and upon myself, and not my excellent publishers the loss, if I fail, by reason of painting too literally and minutely the circumstances which happen when friendless youths embark on the voyage of life.

It was now the first of March—I named the twentieth of the month as the day upon which I should leave home. There was to be an opportunity to go to Boston upon that day, and I inten-

ded to embrace it. That town was then, as it is now, the great maritime and commercial mart of New England, and the place to which sailors resorted, in greatest numbers, to procure nautical situations, or "berths," as they are technically called. I was, besides, to receive ten shillings for assisting to navigate the vessel thither, and I need not say how important the smallest trifle was to an unfriended boy with only two crowns in his pocket.

It was natural that I should wish to see Mary before my departure. I had not seen her to speak with her since the preceding September, nor had I sought opportunities to do so. But now that I was about to leave home, I knew not for how long, my resolution to avoid her gave way, and I said to myself "I will try to see her once more. It cannot do any harm surely. The difficulties which at present impede our union may be overcome perhaps. If I fail of seeing her, why, after all, it is only giving myself a walk, which will be very good to 'stretch my legs,' as my poor mother says."

CHAPTER XV.

It was just after sunset when I repaired to the spot consecrated by affection, and so often mentioned in the early part of my story. It was a very beautiful evening for that season of the year; the mild condition of the skies trebled my chances for a happy accomplishment of my object. I seated myself, upon my arrival, on the old bench, and was employed in recarving the name of "Mary," a former labour of mine, but now defaced by time, or a ruthless hand, when I heard a light footstep rustling the dried grass on the bank above me. Turning round, I beheld Mary, standing within a few feet of me. In a moment I was at her side. She gave me her hand, and, half willingly, half reluctantly, permitted me to kiss her cheek.

She was much thinner and paler than when I

saw her last ; her rosy cheek and laughing eye were gone : the snow was scarcely whiter than the former, and the latter was even now dimmed with a tear. We sat down together on the bench, and remained seated several minutes before either of us spoke. It was not an "unexpressive silence," however ; for her hand was in mine, and her head — bless me ! I forgot the lesson inculcated upon page 176.

She was the first to break silence. In a low voice, and with a mournful smile, she said—

"I did not think to find you here. I thought your visits to the larch were suspended ; I thought you had forgotten the tree, and all connected with it."

"Unkind girl," said I, while I pressed her gently to me, "how could you think I should forget the larch ? Oh, no, dearest Mary, I am a thorough reminiscent of the days that are passed—the happiness I have experienced in your company."

"No romance to-night, Lynn," said she, with a laugh, which was a little like that of the earlier days of our acquaintance. "You know I do not like any thing that sounds like romance, which is

somewhat strange for a girl of my years ; but I do not. And if I did, I should have, I think, taste enough to see that this is not a fitting time. A romantic speech would suit a May morning, when one goes to gather primroses, or a July evening in a honeysuckle-bower, but not to-night. It is true it is a very fine evening ; but still, it is a March evening, and there is at this very moment a large snow-bank lying within ten rods of us. Oh, Lynn !” and she actually smiled.

“ It is not romance, but truth, dear Mary, that I am uttering,” said I ; “ I have forgotten nothing—can never forget anything connected with you. I remember every word you ever uttered in my presence.”

“ You must have a great deal of nonsense in your head, then.”

“ Now, do be quiet. I remember every look you ever gave me ; and I esteem as sacred every spot connected with your sweet idea.”

“ Well, I never—— ; but I see you are not going to laugh any this evening, and I forbear. Indeed, I know not how I came to laugh myself. You spoke of recollections. You are going to

leave these shores, I hear ; and, as absence is said to impair them, I shall, probably, soon be forgotten."

" Has absence impaired yours, Mary ? Has our long separation weakened the sentiments of regard you were once pleased to say you entertained for me ?"

A look, full of the tenderest meaning, assured me that she had not. Never had she shown so much love before ; never had there been so little disguise imposed upon her tenderness. To all my fond protestations of love and constancy, she listened in blushing and tearful silence. She was still my own dear and beloved Mary, and I was for a moment happy.

She besought me not to attempt to see her again, both from a regard to her happiness and to the common interests of our future hopes. The difficulties which existed to our meeting each other were such as only time, and my prudence, and perseverance in an upright and honourable course could overcome. She should undergo fewer restraints and incur smaller risk of being compelled to marry another, if our attachment should

remain unsuspected, till such a time as I should be in a condition to ask her hand. If it were once known to her parents, she would, probably, be sent out of the country—if I remained in it; or be exposed to persecutions and an espionage which would, perhaps, end in our eternal separation, and, at least, destroy her happiness. With a few more sweet words of encouragement, more interesting to me, perhaps, than they will be to the reader; for the conversations of lovers, in their moments of confidence and tenderness, are proverbial for their stupidity; and, therefore, I shall omit that which took place between me and Mary;—she held out her hand, and faintly pronounced the adieu. It was not her lover's pleasure to permit her to depart so; I demanded a kiss, and no excuse would answer. Blushing, pouting, frowning, but still consenting, though, according to a custom, I have no doubt, as old as Adam, protesting that I was "rude," "saucy," "naughty," &c. she permitted me to enfold her in my arms, and take the kiss. Kisses, prompted by fond and deep affection, after long absences, and where there is ripeness on one side, and youth on both, are proverbial for their

length and endurance. Mine was sufficiently so to permit a spectator of our momentary lapse from the cold and icy rules of propriety and decorum to steal unobserved upon us. When we raised our eyes, her father stood at a little distance, looking at us with great non-chalance. He had chosen the moment when our souls were "lapped in their elysium" to approach us unnoticed; and now stood surveying the scene with a calmness and composure similar to that which precedes the opening of a broadside from a ship of war. The agony of Mary at the surprisal cannot be imagined; and, for myself, I must confess that, though constitutionally the boldest of the bold, and perfectly insensible to fear; that, dear as that kiss was to me, and far as I would have gone to obtain it, unobserved and undetected, I would rather now have missed the pleasure than incurred the reproof. Mary burst into tears, and, dropping at her father's feet, took his hand, while she said—

"Indeed, dearest papa, I am not guilty of doing wrong. I came here by accident."

"Hold your tongue, miserable and debased ingrate—unworthy to bear my name—disgrace to

my house;" exclaimed he, bursting, at once, into a rage so excessive as almost to impede his utterance. " From you I ask neither apology nor explanation. The reproof you deserve shall be administered in private. Go to your mother, go— instantly—now—before I am tempted to do that which I may rue for ever. And now, sir, (turning to me,) why is it that I find you here?"

I was prevented replying by Mary, who again threw herself at his feet. " Hear me, my dear father, my beloved father, listen this once to your own little Mary! Do not tax Lynn Haverhill with having done any thing dishonourable: do not scold him, for he has not deserved it. That I am here is not by reason of his asking. I declare, my dear father, in the face of heaven, that we have met this night by accident."

" And was clasped in his arms by accident, I suppose? And, oh God! that I should live to say it of my only child, was being kissed— by accident? Mary!" He appeared to be at the point of spurning her from him, when suddenly there came over him a singular change of behaviour, a complete revulsion of feeling.

Gently patting her cheek, as though nothing had happened, he said to her, in a soft soothing voice, "My daughter, the evening is chill, you will take cold; retire to the house, and we will talk over these things to-morrow; I will then hear your explanation, which I do not doubt will be perfectly satisfactory. As for Lynn, I am sure his story will be open, sincere, and candid. Go, my love, and see that you warm your feet, and see that Lydia warms your bed well. I fear you have taken cold already. Ay, you are a good girl. There. And now that the victim—perhaps, of your duplicity—the debased and ruined—appearances warrant all that—daughter of an ancient house has left us, will you be so good, Lynn—but I beg pardon for pretermittting the cognomen—Mr.—Mr. Haverhill, (with a sneer,) Dick, or the devil, be so kind as to tel' me, Mr. Haverhill, why I find you here? Why, sir, do I find you, in the dark hour of night, loitering about these forbidden grounds?"

I had not as yet lost command of my temper; withal I remembered that he was Mary's father, and I answered him calmly and respectfully. "It

is a spot, sir, I love to look at, because of the many happy hours I have spent here: and, seeing that I am soon to leave my native land, I have come to look at it once more—perhaps for the last time.”

“ You would, I half suspect, be impud enough to tell me that the pleasant recollections, and the happy hours, refer to my daughter. Or, perhaps, you will find it convenient to deny the truth, as many a doughty hero, *alias* a midnight vagabond, has done before you?”

“ Young as I am, sir,” said I, retaining a perfect command of my temper, “ I have never yet found myself constrained to lie, through fear of any man.”

“ Nobly said, i’faith. If saying were the whole business I should think you—the Chevalier Bayard.”

“ No question can be asked me which I will hesitate longer to answer than to bring my memory to know its task, and my eyes to see the questioner.”

“ A brave lad ! you ought to have been, at least, drummer to Captain Bobadil or Ancient Pistol. A most magnanimous youth to be the son

of a taker of cod! But how can less be expected, when the cursed doctrines of equality now preached up—aye, and practised too—bid fair to push from his stool every man who has above twenty pounds a-year and a change of linen. I did not know that we had a Paladin on our shores in the disguise of a taker of cod. If I do not in future suspect a 'thief in each bush,' I am sure I shall a hero under each fisherman's apron, a consul's galley in each chebaque-boat."

I had remained calm under all the insults he had heaped upon me, but my blood refused to be quiet any longer; I could not resist my inclination to eke out his speech, by recalling to his mind a known trait of his character,—“and be sure to heap insults upon those who dare not avenge them.”

He raised his cane to strike me.

“Do not, I beseech you do not. I will bear all your taunts patiently, but you must not strike me.”

“I will beat you as I would any other snake!” and the cane seemed in the act of descending upon me.

“ Do it, then ; but at your peril. I repeat that I will hear your taunts unmoved, for the sake of your daughter ; but, strike me, and I forget her, —your age,—honours,—every thing,—but to take instant satisfaction for the shame you will have done me.”

He let his cane drop, and coolly demanded, “ Have you the impudence to look at my daughter with eyes of love ?”

“ Heavier crimes than to love above one’s degree have been called by a softer name than impudence.”

“ And lighter rewarded with a heavier punishment than in the distracted state of this d——d country, and the relaxed condition of her courts of justice, will, I fear, be yours. But to the point ; do you love my daughter ?”

“ I do ; better than the blood that warms my heart.”

“ Do you know who you are ?”

“ I do. I am the son of a fisherman.”

“ Very poor ?”

“ Very poor !”

“ Very humble ?”

" Very humble !"

" Very ignorant ?"

" Very ignorant ! But who, poor, humble, and ignorant as he is, is a very honest, peaceable, and moral man, who fears God and loves mercy. My father, sir, has a wife and nine children ; he has fed, clothed, and supported them, to the present hour, without begging or borrowing a penny of a human being, or defrauding living man of the value of a hazel-nut."

" So far your pretensions are stated with truth, and with due humility. Your father is the poorest of the poor, and the humblest of the humble, but he is moral and honest. Do you know who I am ?"

" You may not like to be told."

" You can say nothing to wound me, therefore I wish you to tell me what and who I am, and let your opinion be neither more nor less than the echo of the world's."

" If I make my report so full I shall be sure to offend you."

" Severe enough, in all conscience. But speak plainly, and I will thank you for your candour."

" Then I will tell you. The world says you are

a proud and iron-hearted man, possessed of great talents and large wealth, the first chiefly exerted to augment the last, the last used but to grind to the dust the humble poor."

" Insolent boy !"

" No, sir, I am not insolent, but ' tread upon a worm,'—you know the maxim. Besides, you desired me to tell you what the world said of you."

" I did. Is this my character ?"

" It is, sir, far and near, from one end of the province to the other, and by all, from the humblest labourer that works in your fields to your favourite groom, Will Thurston."

" You are a bold and, some would say, insolent youth ; but I invited the discussion, and must abide the consequences of my condescension."

" At your request I have told you the truth,—an unpalatable truth, perhaps,—but still the truth."

" You have said that men call me a proud and iron-hearted man, arbitrary, and a hard master."

" I have ; but I must, for the third time, repeat, it was not till you had requested me to tell you what the world said of you."

" When you was a labourer in my fields, did

you find cause to blame me? Did you think me a hard master?"

"No, I did not; thanks to these hands that were able to do, and did do the work of two, rather than your generosity and care of my welfare." And I held up a pair of hands which cold winds, and salt water, and hard knocks, and the handling of the oar, and the axe, and the mattock, and the cod-line had rendered as hard and as brown as the hide of a buffalo. "If there was a command conveyed to the overseer to spare Lynn Haverhill, he heard it not."

"You were, indeed, a noble fellow—in the field," said he, softening, "*there*, I think, I never saw your equal. And, but for your presumption in aspiring to my daughter, you should——"

"Lead your gang of reapers, or mowers, or follow your plough."

"Ay! should you."

"Or drive your market-waggon at a shiling a day, and be taught to whistle a teamster's gamut into the bargain."

"I would do a great deal for you."

"I don't doubt it—in a certain way—and be

careful to see yourself in receipt of a crown piece for every four and six-pence disbursed. I thank you, sir, if you mean me well, from my soul, I thank you, but I look for higher employments and nobler rewards."

" You mean then to quit your present course of life ?" he asked.

" Yes, sir."

" For what other pursuit ?"

" The Army or the Navy—the former of choice. But, to please my kind parents, I have consented to go one merchant-voyage first."

" Insolent and impudent—no, I will do you justice, you are not, never have been either—I gave you great provocations—that attempt to strike you was unmanly—ambitious, madly ambitious as you are, Lynn Haverhill, and much as that ambition thwarts all my plans and hopes for the settlement of my child, I take, believe me, a deep interest in your fate, and should be very sorry to hear that you had done otherwise than well in the journey of life. Besides, it is pleasant, though mournful, to us, whose shadow is sinking on the dial, and who are practically acquainted with the

delusive nature of human joys, to listen to the views and hopes of a warm-hearted and resolute youth, about to embark on the tempestuous ocean of life, fearing neither rock nor quicksand, anticipating nothing but fair winds and pleasant skies, expecting neither cross nor enemy. Vain hopes ! poor boy ! How small your chance, friendless as you are, of succeeding in your object. It is like the attempt of a young eagle to soar whose wings are broken."

" Report says that your ancestor in the third remove from your father was that eagle, yet made good his soaring. I mean no disrespect to you, sir, but I have heard it said, and never disputed, that he was stable-boy to the Earl of Northumberland. Yet he became a nobleman, a great one, and lived respected and died regretted by half a nation. Men forgot, in the nobleness of his mind, the dignity of his manner, and the excellence of his heart, that he was found rolled up in a woollen rug on the King's highway. *He* did not find it difficult to conquer the impediments to fame and fortune."

" Report says true," remarked he, thoughtfully.

"But those were times when wise heads, stout hearts, and strong arms were in great request. It was the era of the recovery of England's rights from the grasp of the Stuarts. The first Lord Danvers excelled most men of his day in wisdom, strength, and intrepidity. Ah, they were stirring times when he gained his dizzy altitude."

"And what, sir, are these in which we live?"

"As far as regards the colonies, calm and tranquil. We, in these distant regions, may send our swords to the Tower-armoury for safe keeping, and go to sleep with a willow twig for a door-latch."

"Still may the place be found where a name—or a grave may be had for the asking. I have but to cross an ocean to stand among hundreds of thousands of embattled warriors. The great Prince Ferdinand and the greater King Frederic are just the men to reward those who will dare what I will dare to raise myself from the situation which alone has led to the abuse and epithets which Judge Danvers has, this night, heaped upon me."

"Pshaw! you take my——jokes too seri-

ously," said he, much softened. "And yet they were rough jokes. Alas! for your hopes, my poor boy, if they are founded upon Frederic or Ferdinand. The theatre of European war is a very long way off; and money—"

"Would be wanted; true—that crushes my hope."

"I will furnish it—if that be all that is wanted."

"I thank you, sir, but I would not accept it from you to save my life."

"I suppose not. You are a proud boy."

"Other regions beside Europe hold out prospects of war. Canada."

"The war is finished there."

"It is not thought so by some. In my opinion, the opinion of a boy, however, the next campaign will be both brilliant and bloody. Letting that alone, do you not believe, sir, in the existence of a revolutionary spirit in our own country? Can you not discover the throes of the whirlwind which, at first, merely scatters the leaves, but, in a few minutes, rends the tree that bore them."

"There are, undoubtedly, troubles in embryo," said he. "I have always maintained,

and have done my best to make the Ministry believe that there is a latent disposition in the people of these colonies to throw off the rule of Great Britain. But what will avail that disposition against the fleets and forces which will be sent out from England, backed by the powerful party in this country, who will prefer that the colonies should remain colonies, rather than become independent states? And, besides, the King will do us justice; who then will wish independence?"

"Hancock, the Adamses, the Lees—I could swell the list to thousands. Young as I am, I can see that when the time arrives every pretext will be used to raise the standard of rebellion."

"It is, I happen to know, now in contemplation to tax these colonies towards the burthens which the mother-country has incurred by her expensive German wars."

"And that measure, sir, will allow of our raising an outcry, whether we are hurt or merely scared. Let Great Britain raise the cry of taxation, and mark how long it will reverberate. It will be made an alarm-bell, upon which will be

run ten thousand changes—'Oppression,' 'Magna Charta,' 'King John,' 'no taxation,' &c. &c."

"And what do you think will be the consequence of an attempt to tax these colonies without allowing them to be represented in the body from whom the measure emanates?"

"War, bloody war. We are descended from the heroes who achieved the great revolution; we possess the ardent love of liberty, hatred of oppression, and fear of being enslaved, which is born with every Englishman. Withal, we are a very avaricious people, and shall be apt to consider every measure which has a tendency to abstract money from our pockets as one aimed at our personal liberties."

He remained for the space of a minute in deep silence, then, turning around suddenly, and grasping my hand with a fervent pressure, he said, "You are a wonderful—very wonderful boy, and must have been intended, by the God of nature, for something far better than your present condition promises. Your knowledge—how acquired Heaven only knows—your singular copiousness, and correctness of language, speak a mind of the

rarest endowment. Your sentiments, your very step are those of high aristocratic birth. How did you get your learning?" .

" From your daughter, sir."

" My daughter ! If she has been your teacher, the evil I feared is indeed deep-seated. Lynn Haverhill, listen to me attentively. I mean it not as a mere compliment when I say that you are a youth whom the greatest man in the realm of England might be proud to call son. I have had my eye upon you for years—aye, ever since you was ten. I have seen you the prop of your father's house, honest, industrious, prudent, faithful. I was not, to be sure, prepared for the learning, spirit, and eloquence, you have this night displayed ; but still I have long known you had a superior mind. I have always done justice to the vigour of your mind, and the goodness of your heart. But you cannot marry my daughter. She was betrothed before she was born, to her cousin, Charles Danvers. Upon their union depends almost the existence of our house. If the marriage do not take place, an estate, worth three thousand a year, goes to our greatest enemy—to one whose cursed

arts, wrought the ruin of a beloved and lovely sister, whose hands were dyed in the blood of a brother, yet who lives to taunt us with his victories over our house."

"It seems then to be a match made up of interest and revenge," said I. "But do you think, sir, there would be greater guilt in shooting this seducer and murderer through the heart in broad daylight, or stabbing him in a dark night, than there would be in sacrificing your daughter in a marriage with a man she does not love?"

"How do you know she does not love her cousin Charles?"

"Ask her, sir."

"I will."

"But do it with a smiling brow. Tell her you leave her the freedom of choice, tell her that you will accept for son-in-law the man she prefers, and see if she name Charles Danvers."

"She would name you, perhaps; I think you mean as much."

"I think she would."

"I would not accuse you unjustly," said he, after a moment's silence; "yet I think I see in

you, Lynn Haverhill, a crafty youth, bent upon making an ambitious match—bent upon marrying above his condition. Displeased as I must very naturally be, with your presumption—call it affection for my daughter, and the impediments it offers to the prosecution of a favourite plan, I will give you a proof of the estimation in which your talents, and a nameless something compel me to hold you. I will tell you the reason why you cannot marry my daughter. When you have heard it, if you are the honourable youth I have always thought you, and hope to find you, you will quit the hold it seems you have acquired upon her affections, and leave her at liberty to enter into the views of her father. The story is a long one; and, as the air is getting cold, and the hour growing late, I will not require of you to listen to it now. If you will do me the favour to meet me to-morrow morning at eleven, at the Indian Graves, you shall hear it. At all events, your time will not be thrown away, for it is worth hearing, I assure you."

CHAPTER XVI.

HE was punctual to his appointment, and commenced the promised piece of family history, as follows :—

“ My father was born in Wales, the maiden name of my mother was Luttrell. Her father, a respectable physician, in London, died at an early age, leaving three orphans, a son and two daughters, dependant on the affection and bounty of a maiden aunt. They were supported and educated by her, the daughters, till their marriage ; the eldest with my father, the youngest with a Bedfordshire gentleman, by the name of Temple ; and the son, till his departure from England, in the service of the East-India Company. My uncle was a resolute and determined lad, and gained speedy promotion. After an absence of near twenty years, he returned

General Luttrell, with a decent fortune—quite enough for one who disliked the gay bustle and parade of the metropolis, and wanted ‘rest and a harbour.’ My mother, previous to his departure, had been his favourite sister; she was now a widow, and he came, immediately on his landing, to our house. Having contracted a great aversion to marriage, from having seen a great deal of matrimonial squabbling in the family of his tutor, afterwards in that of his sister Temple, and otherwise witnessed much connubial strife, he sat down at Danvers-Park, purchased the adjoining estate of Bargholdt, and became as much one of the family as any individual in it. He avowed his intention of bestowing his wealth upon my brother and myself; and was at his own proper charge of educating us; directing, by my mother’s consent, the course of our studies, nominating the branches and appointing the tutors. Occasionally he visited the ‘house of strife,’ as he called Templeton; but his visits were few and far between, and withal of very short duration. Neither there, nor any where else, did he make any secret of his intended

disposition of his property ; but openly prepared his last will and testament, in which the estate of Bargholdt, worth three thousand a year, was given to my brother and myself jointly in fee. My sister was provided with a decent marriage-portion ; and there were some trifling bequests of personal property to my cousins of the ' house of strife.' We were named " residuary legatees," a term which, for the benefit of the few who may not know what it means, I translate, ' They are to have every thing which I have not specially given away in this will.'

" My brother and myself were married young, to women, in the choice of whom our own inclinations and those of our mother and uncle were united. But we were doomed, for many years, to a disappointment of the fondest hopes which follow the possession of the object of our affection—neither of our wives had any children. Regard for the feelings of our companions forbade our showing the regret we felt at a circumstance, always painful to a husband ; but our uncle, who had none of this delicacy, made it the subject of free expostulation with our spouses themselves, and even went so

far as to give them several broad hints for bringing about a 'certain desirable event.'

"I had been seven, and my brother six years, a husband, when our good uncle, who had been to us more than a father, gave symptoms of a decline. When he returned from India, he brought with him, implanted in his constitution, but kept under by his habits of temperance, a disease, which attacks, more or less, I believe, every person who visits India. And now, though he had lived twelve years in England, a great part of the time in the enjoyment of tolerable health, and never very ill, he was evidently hastening to the grave, from the operation of that latent cause. In this low state of body, and with attendant weakness of mind, he became dispirited, because he had not shown as much affection for my aunt Temple as he had done for my mother. He wished to revisit Templeton once more, that he might make some atonement for the supposed wrong he had committed in withholding from one sister her moiety of his love and tenderness. Seeing that his heart was set upon repairing his supposed injustice, we consented, notwithstanding his ex-

treme weakness, that he should go; but he effectually resisted our earnest entreaties that either my brother or myself should bear him company. He set out, attended by two of his own servants, Grant, a Cheshire man, an honest and excellent, but very simple fellow, and Ritchings, from Sussex, one of the most thorough-paced villains that ever lived. We had often persuaded our uncle to turn this last away, but he had been with him for many years in the East, had once saved him from the fangs of a tiger in a Bengal jungle, and he would not listen to us.

“ He wrote us, on the fourth day after he left, informing us of his safe arrival at Templeton. Soon after a letter came from our uncle Temple, stating that his disease had taken an unfavourable turn; three days after we were informed of his increasing illness, and, in less than two weeks, of his death. We do not, never did believe, that any improper means were used to hasten his departure, but the suspicion struck us immediately, and forcibly, that an attempt would be made to nullify the will he had executed in our favour, by exhibiting one of a later date. Our suspicion proved correct. When

the testament by which he had bequeathed his estate to the two sons of his sister was deposited with the officer legally empowered to take cognizances of such matters, we were told that the seals of the Prerogative Court had been affixed to a similar instrument, purporting to be of a later date, and containing quite a different disposition of his property. A different disposition indeed !

“ By this latter will the estate of Bargholdt was left to John Temple, the eldest son of Edward Temple, Esq. of Templeton, Bedfordshire, and his heirs in tail-general, as it is called, defeasible only upon the happening of the following contingencies : ‘ To wit, that, in case Jane, the present wife of the present Robert Danvers, of Danvers-Park, Surrey, should bear a son to her present husband, and that Sarah, the present wife of Temple Danvers, also of Danvers-Park, in the last-mentioned county, should bear a daughter to her present husband, and that the son so born to Robert Danvers should intermarry with the daughter so born to Temple Danvers, and have issue, born within wedlock, and alive, that then the said estate of Bargholdt should go from John Temple,

or whoever might claim and hold through, from, or under him to the said son of Robert Danvers, and the said daughter of Temple Danvers, so intermarrying, and to the issue so born, or afterwards born of their bodies.' It was an instrument evidently dictated, I should say made, by the Temples, though signed by my uncle, and such every unprejudiced person pronounced it.

" Not doubting, for a moment, that improper means had been used to procure this will, we set about taking measures to defeat it. Our first object was, to ascertain in what state of mind the testator died ; and this could only be done by examining the servants who had accompanied him to Templeton. Neither of them returned to our house upon his death, and it was only after a search, in which we were baffled for months, that we succeeded in finding one of them. By the merest accident we heard of a person answering to the description of Grant, employed in a tin-mine in Cornwall, belonging to the father-in-law of my uncle Temple. By adroit management we succeeded in bringing him off.

" The story told by Grant tallied exactly with our

suspicious. He stated that General Luttrell grew more and more ill every day after his arrival at Templeton, and soon gave unequivocal signs of mental derangement. He never appeared perfectly lucid after the first week of his residence at the Hall, and at times was totally lost. Grant said he soon saw that exertions were making by the Temples to induce him to change the disposition of his property. The General frequently spoke to him in his more lucid moments of the attempts which were being made by his sister and her family upon his property, and talked of it incessantly while labouring under his melancholy fits of delirium, always declaring his determination not to alter the first will, but to 'leave his property to those who deserved it.' Four or five days before his death, Grant was sent, upon some pretext or other, a considerable distance into the country, and Ritchings, the other man, supplied his place. When Grant returned to the chamber of his master, he found him more than usually delirious. He raved most incoherently of matters and things in general; but that which seemed to press on his mind the strongest, and to excite the most painful regret, was, a new

will he had signed, whereby he had 'defrauded the poor boys of their rights. Still,' he said, 'he had left them a chance by which they might escape, and he hoped they would—would be able to meet the devil, and overcome him—he had battled manfully, he had—he would not make the will as some folks, he would not say who, wanted him to make it—but, to make all easy, he had signed what was neither here nor there—which left his rupees to neither this one nor that one.' The next day he was speechless, and so continued until the hour of his death, which took place on the third day.

"During the whole period of his master's illness and after his death the family at Templeton were lavish of gifts and attentions, both upon himself and Ritchings. Immediately upon the decease of the General he would have returned to Danvers-Park, but they invited him to spend a week or two longer with them, which he was easily prevailed upon to do, being smitten with the charms of a bright-eyed servant girl, who was set by them to spread her lures for the amorous youth. At length they proposed to him to accept a respon-

sible situation in the Cornwall Stannaries, with the hand of Lucy, and a heap of perquisites, never before given to a miner. To this he, of course, agreed. He proposed to return to Danvers-Hall for his clothes, but they told him it was quite unnecessary, they would send for them, which would save him both expense and trouble; and he, deeming himself fortunate in finding such friends, consented. A few days after, they informed him that the clothes were lost, and, with unflinching, unshrinking kindness, gave him a sum of money more than sufficient to replace them. Being single-minded, and literal, he had no conception that their object, in all these arrangements, was to prevent him from seeing and conferring with us.

“ We could not find the other servant, whose testimony was quite as essential to our obtaining justice as that of Grant; indeed more so, as his well known knavery left room for fear that he would be a willing witness to whatever the Temples should choose to suborn him.

“ Having, as we supposed, secured one witness to the imbecility of the testator, and his incapacity

to make the latter will, we commenced proceedings to have it set aside. Upon the day fixed for the hearing, the respective parties came into court—Temple from his sense of full security remarkably calm and gracious, my brother and myself filled with unrepressed and undisguised indignation. The cause was called on, to use the legal phrase, and the party appearing to contest the validity of the will told to produce his witnesses. Grant was called; he had forfeited the recognizances or bonds he had given, and was not to be found, nor has he been heard of to this day. Every part of Great Britain and Ireland has been searched, but to no purpose. He was either spirited away to some distant land, or he fell by the hand of an assassin. If he is living, it is probably in some of our East Indian possessions.

“The defendant produced a host of witnesses, his own menials and dependants, who swore that at the time the testator made the will under which John Temple claimed the estate of Bargholdt, he was of sound and perfect mind and memory—in other words, swore just what their master bade them. Among these appeared the villain Ritchings,

whose testimony, from his having been much about the person of the deceased for the ten days previous to his death, principally guided the court to the opinion and judgement they gave. He swore positively to the fact of the testator's mental soundness, and related a great many incidents which went to prove him in his right mind. He told his story with so much simplicity, strait-forwardness, and agreement of one part with another, that we were almost compelled to yield credence to it ourselves, knowing as we did his unrivalled talent for concealing his depravity and wickedness under a smile which should appear to be that of sincerity and candour. There was probably not a person in the court who distrusted his evidence, except those who believed him to be perjured, ourselves, and those who knew him to be so, the defendants. The will was established, and the triumph of the Temple family was complete. They took immediate possession of the Bargholdt estate, an event we deprecated the more, as they thereby became our nearest neighbours.

“A quarrel in the servants' hall at Bargholdt, led to disclosures which would enable us to prove the

perjury of the villain Ritchings. We took measures for doing so, but took them with so little secrecy that he escaped our grasp. He went off, it was said, vowing vengeance against us, and was traced as far as Portsmouth, where he embarked in a brigantine bound to Nova Scotia. He has never been heard of, at least by us, since.

“We continued for some months to have no sort of intercourse with our neighbour, the proprietor of Bargholdt. We could not say, however, that he did not bear his blushing honours meekly. He assumed no state, affected no consequence, appeared at church, and upon all public occasions very meanly attired and attended, and by his easy and gentlemanly behaviour, his extreme affability and kindness, so won upon the good will of those whom he visited, or with whom he had dealings, that he became the “lion” of the neighbourhood. Of all men living, he perhaps most excelled in veiling his vices and foibles. No man could, more effectually for his purposes, put on a show of goodness, or assume a thicker mantle of hypocrisy.

“Having established himself in the good graces of the people of the neighbourhood, his next aim

was to be admitted into our house upon terms of friendship. He came to the door, we could not refuse to open it to him. Our good mother listened to his protestations of compunction and repentance—protestations made with tears, believed him sincere, and succeeded in pacifying her sons. His first reception was very different from what he must have expected; and though my mother was the only one who gave implicit credence to his story, yet we so far forgot the feud, so far found palliatives for his conduct, that we invited him to renew the visit. Alas, he found fatal inducements to do so.

“ We had only one sister, and she, at this time, was in the bloom of youth, the pride and delight of our house. My daughter resembles her very much; but Mary, beautiful as she is, cannot be compared for either charms of person or graces of manner with my lost sister, though perhaps her superior in mental endowments. And, then, her sweet and cheerful disposition, her playful and innocent vivacity—God only knows how much we loved her. Whether playing upon the lawn with her pet lamb, or touching the strings of the harp,

or plying her little feet in the dance, or teasing her fond and delighted brothers with the hundred whimsies and caprices which haunt the bosom of a belle and a beauty, an only daughter, a petted sister, and a spoiled child, she was alike irresistible, and without an equal.

“To this beloved girl Temple paid assiduous court; and, being one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and very accomplished, soon succeeded in winning her affections. It was not pleasing either my brother or myself to witness this attachment; we distrusted his pretended repentance of the particular injury he had done us, as well as his reformation from his general libertinism. But he had completely won over our mother to his interest, and through her influence, and the fond entreaties of our love-sick sister, we were induced to withdraw our opposition. Besides, in the way of interest, nothing could be better than this match. It would bring the fine estate of Bargholdt into the family, and seat our sister for life within two miles of the place of her birth, and the residence of her mother and brothers.

“But the object of the accursed villain was not to marry my sister, but to bring dishonour upon

the family; and he effected it. My heart almost drops blood at the thoughts which this subject revives in my mind. He succeeded in seducing her from the path of virtue, and when it was impossible longer to conceal the consequences of her fatal indiscretion, she—I cannot say eloped with him,—but she was missing, and that was the readiest inference to be drawn from her disappearance at the threatened period of exposure, and at the same time with his “three weeks visit to the continent.” At the end of that time he returned to Bargholdt; what became of her, God only knows. We were not able to trace her a foot beyond the boundaries of our own estate. She was never heard of from the time of her leaving the family mansion, unattended, on the morning of the ninth of May, 1740.

“We offered tempting rewards to any one who would bring us information of her; we used prayers, entreaties, and, lastly, threats to the seducer himself; all alike proved useless. We have never been able to obtain any clue by which to trace her flight, or find her grave; we know not whether she died, or is living at this time in some obscure part of the globe, brooding over her guilt and

shame. My hope is, however, that the morning of her disappearance was that of her death."

Here the narrator became overwhelmed with grief, and could not proceed for some minutes. When he recovered his composure, he resumed his narrative, as follows:—

"The blow almost destroyed our family. My brother made an immediate call upon the ruffian for satisfaction, was met by him, and killed the first fire. My mother, who had never known what is called good health, and for two years had been considered in a very precarious state, did not survive the double calamity a month. Temple refused my own call to the field, saying he had fully satisfied the claims of our family upon him.

"Surprising as it may seem, my brother left his widow pregnant. In less than six months after his death she became the mother of a son, who was named Charles, after his father and great uncle. And as if heaven had determined to frustrate the nefarious designs of John Temple, and render of no service to him the crimes by which he had hoped to obtain gold at the expense of our family; while, at the same time, he should

blast our happiness, four years afterwards my wife gave birth to my daughter, Mary. Thus the two parties were in existence from whom were to spring the issue to defeat the contingencies of the will, and under it to claim Bargholdt. Now, if the union of these two, Charles and Mary Danvers, takes place, and there should be a child born of their marriage, the estate over which John Temple now lords it, becomes absolutely and indefeasibly vested in them, and he will be reached in the only part in which he is vulnerable. Judge you, then, if under these circumstances, with this cankered arrow rankling for twenty years in my heart, these deep wrongs, treasured up, brooded upon, and unrevenged, I have not reason to wish the union of my daughter with her cousin. Every wish, hope, passion, thought, points to it. Interest, revenge, my affection for my daughter, and my nephew, the exceeding promise of his character, all demand the union; nothing opposes it but the aspiring youth at my side. It is, Lynn Haverhill, an object very near and dear to my heart. I would to-morrow buy off an obstacle, not otherwise to be overcome, with the sacrifice of half my

fortune. Think—ponder upon these things. I command—entreat—beg you to give over your suit. You have, undoubtedly, acquired a strong hold upon the affections of my daughter; but she is young, and to use a vulgar phrase, ‘will soon *outgrow* it,’ provided she does not see you. A further prosecution of your suit can only end in disappointment and misery to both. My daughter must soon become the wife of another. Her future husband will be here within two months; and though the marriage will not, on account of Mary’s youth, take place immediately, we shall almost immediately embark for England. In the busy scenes to which you are about to devote yourself, you will soon forget my daughter. I see by your eye that what I have said has not been thrown away.”

“It has not, indeed, sir,” said I.

“And now, Mr. Haverhill,” said he, grasping my hand, “if I can be of any service to you; if I can promote, by my influence, or my money, any of your views, except that of marrying my daughter, command me. I repeat, that my purse and patronage—I speak it, not in the language of the world

—not because you have, apparently, yielded to my wishes, but because you deserve aid,—are both at your service,—now—to-morrow—next year—as long as I live. Good bye !”

And we parted ; he to brood upon his schemes of thrift and vengeance, and I over my blighted hopes and faded visions of happiness.

I wrote her, the next day, a short letter, repeating the heads of the conversation I had had with her father. I told her in that letter, that I considered myself bound and her free. That the various little presents she had made me would be left with my sister Sally, to be reclaimed by her when she chose—all she had ever given me, except “one little lock of hair, and that was doomed to be carried to other climes in the bosom of her sailor-boy.”

CHAPTER XVII.

NEVER had there been so cheerless a day known in our house as the twentieth of March, the day previous to that I had appointed for leaving home. It was a sabbath as regarded occupation, a day of mourning as regarded the countenance, a day of feasting as regarded the food. Every one was anxious to show his or her affection; and each put in requisition the little means he possessed to endow me with something to remember him by. My sister, Jenny, knit me a pair of mittens of the liveliest colours; Sally gave me a snuff-box; James a pretty pen-knife. There was a week's preparation for the dinner of that day. My little brother, Michael, was sent to Esquire Hooper's, two miles distant, for raisins, that I might be treated with my favourite dish, a plum pudding; and my father went a mile to obtain the ingredients for the

requisite sauce. My mother set about making that universal tidbit of a New England palate, a pumpkin-pie; and James went to a brook, five miles distant, to get me some smelts, because "I loved them." Each and all endeavoured, in some way or other, to minister to my gratification. And what rendered the scene particularly solemn, and gave the house the appearance of a house of mourning was, that the family had dressed themselves in their Sunday suits of solemn black; and withal there were the "baked meats," to render the appearance of our house still more funereal. Not a smile was seen on the face of any one; even the old house-dog, commonly wont to testify great joy at the reassembling of well-known faces, now lay stretched out in a moaning sleep, as if he partook of the common sorrow.

At the dinner-table we all met for the last time. My sister, Sally, who had hired herself, some weeks before, to do spinning work in a neighbouring family; and Betsey, who had never lived at home since the fifth year of her age; and my brother, Simeon, who was apprenticed to a wheel-right, living ten miles from us, came to take their

farewell of me, and spend the day at home. Behold us, then, assembled to partake of "Lynn's dinner," as my good mother called it. But, gentle reader, indulge not your fancy in painting a scene of convivial joy—the flowing bowl, the merry quip, and the ready jest. Nothing could be more unlike a feast in its accepted definition. My father sat on one side of me, my mother on the other, so that I suffered the misery of having two prodigal providers to my plate: if I had eaten all the victuals they heaped upon it, it would literally have been "Lynn's dinner." My mother ate nothing, keeping her eyes, which were suffused with tears, constantly bent upon me; my father gave better countenance to the cheer; but all were silent. My little brother, Michael, did indeed attempt once to break the gloom, so little in unison with his years and disposition, by asking some provoking question of my brother-in-law, Dexter; but my mother repressed the attempt to excite mirth with as much indignation as she would have done blasphemy, or a profanation of the sabbath.

In the evening we were all assembled around

the parental hearth, and these are faithful reminiscences of the period. Michael, who was, as I have said, a very small boy, and the "Benjamin" of the family, sat upon my knee, and Sally, whose extraordinary sweetness of temper, affectionate disposition, and innocent vivacity, a little aided by her great beauty, for who can resist the dominion of that "witching spell?" upon a settle at my side, with one of her arms passed around my waist, and her head reclined upon my bosom. Jane, my married sister, sat in front of me, with one of my hands clasped in hers, while, with the other, she, from time to time, parted the hair upon my forehead, as often giving it a tender, but mournful kiss. Boatswain, the old house-dog, and, for ten years, my friend and playmate, whose floggings for the hats and clothes he had torn for me had been without number, all of which he had kindly forgotten, as affectionate as the best of them, contrived, as often as he could find an opportunity, to thrust his nose in my hand, notwithstanding the threats and remonstrances of Sally and Michael, who would have me all to themselves. My father had his usual corner in our

huge fire-place, singing, incessantly, without time or melody, as was his wont, when sorely vexed and peculiarly unhappy. He had but a very few songs for such an occasion. Now and then you could catch a line of the stanza, sufficiently loud and clear to inform you that he was singing, or attempting to sing a melancholy old song, which was a great favourite, especially with the lower classes, fifty years ago, but which is now heard from the lips, only, of the resolute worshippers of former days, customs, and writers. I am not quite sure that I give the words correctly, for I have not been able to find a copy, and quote from my memory.

* * * * *

Merchants are robbed of treasure,
By tempests and despair!
But what is the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?

* * * * *

O'er the dark waves a stooping,
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

“ Oh, don’t sing that song, Simon,” said my mother, “ pray don’t sing that song. I have never heard you sing that melancholy ditty since the time that father was thought to have foundered in the schooner, *Loving Couple*, upon the Banks of Newfoundland. It always makes me weep to hear you sing that song, because I know you are very unhappy then,” and she burst into tears.

“ Don’t you cry, Jenny, don’t you cry now,” said my father, with great tenderness. “ Why, I’ll promise, old woman, never to raise my voice, in a musical way again, not even to sing ‘ Old Betty Baker,’ or ‘ Moll, put the Kettle on,’ if you’ll only whist up. But you are grown a chicken-hearted thing to cry because—I am merry, and sing a few snatches of an old song, just to pass away the time. Come, come, own now, my poor old woman, that you only wanted an excuse for your tears? Confess now, Jenny, that you thank me, in your heart, for giving you a chance to open the ‘ floodgates of the soul,’ as the parson said, last sabbath ?”

“ I suppose you are right, Simon.”

“ Well, I thought I was.”

"I feel as if my heart would break," said she, speaking with difficulty, through her sobs, "when I think we are going to lose our darling, our good and handsome Lynn. To-morrow! Oh, he is going to-morrow—that is very soon."

"Why, he will not be gone more than three months, if he goes to Jamaica," said my father, anxious to console her.

"Don't name that dreadful place again, if you wish me to keep my senses," said my mother.

"Don't you remember what—Jack (she usually made a pause, when about to name him as an authority) what Jack told us about a hurricane he experienced there once, which blew the ring-bolts clean out of the deck, and lifted a crow-bar as if it had been a feather. If my son goes to Jamaica, I shall never see him any more."

As she paused, to let her tears flow freely, old Captain Brimblecome, with whom I was to take passage for Boston, entered to say, that in consequence of his carrying away his bowsprit, as he was beating around the Dog-fishers'-Bank, he should defer going till the 28th. "At ten o'clock,

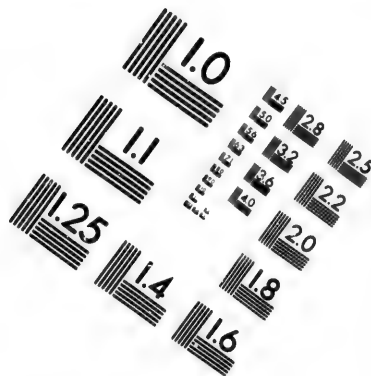
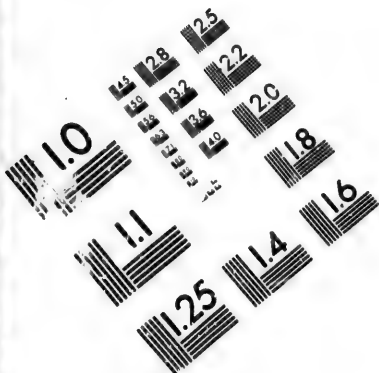
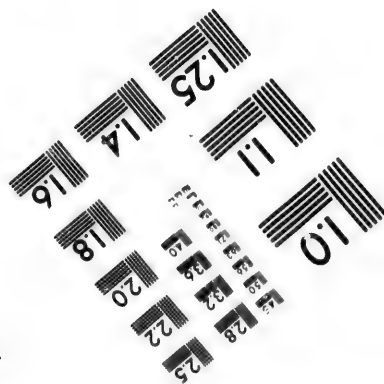
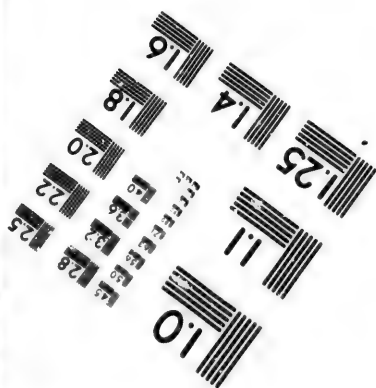
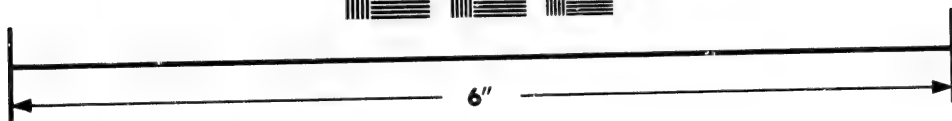
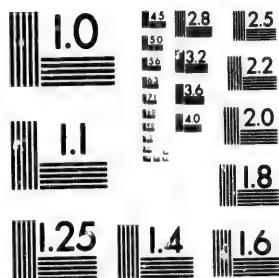


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in the morning, of that day, Lynn, you must be on board," said he. "And now, Aunt, (my mother was universally called so in the hamlet,) I hope you will give me a drop o' gin for my good news."

The gin was given him, and he went off, as usual, in "a great hurry."

What a surprising change the news wrought in our family! My mother's pocket handkerchief was out in a moment, the drops of sorrow were wiped from her cheeks, and her beautiful black eyes shone with the lustre of the diamond. My father exchanged his melancholy song, for "Old King Cole was a jolly old soul," and, according to his custom, when any thing very pleasant had happened, called for his pipe, and bade Sally make him a "mug of flip." My brothers and sisters, even to "Jenny and her *sorril* nag," as the malicious Michael usually called the pair, were out upon the floor in a lively jig, there was even talk of sending for the negro fiddler. The old dog, according to his invariable custom, when there was a great uproar in the house, fell to whin-

ing and frisking—making circles round the room, with his tail between his legs, jumping into the vacant chairs, and alternately seizing and dropping every thing that came in his way. By the by, they never do these things unless they are very joyful. The wand of Circe did not sooner transform the companions of the wise King of Ithaca into swine than the half a dozen words of the old skipper did our peevish and melancholy family into one remarkable happy and joyful. A person who had never witnessed the joy of a condemned criminal, who has just received a pardon, might have gained a very tolerable idea of it from a glance at the re-touched countenances of our family.

At the same moment, in came Jack Reeve, as usual, “brimful of the devil,” singing—

In came Uncle and Aunt,

In came Cousin Ketury,

In came fiddler Nat,

And play'd away like a fury.

This was Jack's usual song, when he had a little too much liquor on board, which proved to

be the case now. He was, however, not any too tipsy to assist in, and promote the merriment which was going on, though he was a little too much "by the head," for the comfort of my mother, whom he teased to dance, till she was compelled to "sail up and down," a favourite measure, in New England, a few times with him, in order to be rid of his troublesome importunity. It was Jack, however, and no offence was taken.

"Oh, by the by, Simon Magus," said Jack—drunk or sober, he never called my father by any other name—"I have a message for you, from Jemmy Cleveland."

"And what is it?" asked my father.

"He ca'n't go in the boat to-morrow."

"Ca'n't go in the boat, the lazy dog! the worse than hound! and the moment the keel strikes the sand he'll be begging for fish—but not one shall he have, no, not even a head, not even a skate or a dog-fish;—do you hear Tim, Jem, John—"

"His second child is very sick," interrupted Jack.

"'Od, bless me! what's the clock—too late to

go and see him to-night. Do you hear, Tim, Jem, John, give him a capital fish the moment the keel strikes the sand. Poor creatures! And so the boat lacks a hand. What say you, my son, to a trip in the boat to-morrow?"

"I will go, my father," said I.

"Oh, no, don't send him," said my mother; "he has only eight days more to stay; let him pass them with us." My sisters and Michael, also, begged hard, but I would not be overborne on this point. I answered my mother with a kiss, and Jenny with an affected show of resentment, squeezed Sally's hand till I brought tears to her eyes, and cuffed the ears of little Michael, far more, however, to his gratification than his injury. Seeing me resolved to go, they said no more. Conversation was then resumed upon the usual topics; and Jack "gave us a few yarns for us to 'lay up' when he should be able to spin no more."

Soon the hour arrived at which it was usual for our family to ejaculate their lowly petitions and retire to their humble pallets. This was half-past

nine the year round. At a quarter past that hour my father invariably said—to me, if I were present,—“ read a chapter of the Blessed Book, my son ;” if I were absent, Sally, the next best reader in our family, was called upon to perform the sacred duty. When the chapter was finished, we sat silent for three or four minutes, and then my father, whose posture for offering up the prayers, which were never either forgotten or neglected—was somewhat singular, kneeling at my mother’s feet, with his forehead resting upon her hands, addressed the Throne of Grace for about five minutes. A shake of the hand and a kiss upon the forehead always preceded our retirement for the night ; upon this, the last evening we ever spent together, the kisses were without stint.

It is the practice of those who follow the fishery of cod upon the coast of New England to rise at a very early hour in the morning, that is, with that portion of them who have a long way to row before they reach the fishing ground. Upon most parts of the coast, at the points where the employment obtains, the ledges and banks, where the

greatest quantity of fish is taken, lie from six to ten miles from the shore. When this distance is to be gained by rowing, as the boatmen express it, in "the teeth of an on-shore wind," the boats usually leave the starting-place two hours, at least, before day-break. Add to this an hour employed in remarking upon the weather and casting up the signs of the sky, in eating a hasty and ill-prepared breakfast, and in launching and ballasting the boat, and you have the hour at which the fisherman is sent forth from his warm bed to his coarse, toilsome, and ill-requited employment. It is a hard life—much harder than any other dependent upon or connected with the ocean,—a life without gain or glory, a life of great fatigue and considerable peril,—a life which has never made a man rich, and seldom left him virtuous.

My father's cabin stood upon the very verge of the ocean, just behind a little hillock of sand, covered with low stunted oaks and dwarf plum-bushes, which served, in some measure, to protect it from the southerly gales, the fogs, and the spray which the breakers, in the time of high out-winds,

threw against it. Though the situation was not so strongly marked as some others by the rugged "features" of bold rocks and steep cliffs, though there were wanting the mighty frontlets towering into mid-heaven, and the enormous masses, pile upon pile, of granite, which distinguish the sea-coasts of many other countries, it was, nevertheless, at times, very rough and dismal, and, upon the occasion of strong winds and equinoctial hurricanes, exhibited scenes of great and awful sublimity. At distances, varying from two to six miles from the strand, were a number of shoals and ledges, over which swept the winds and rolled the waves of a limitless ocean. It was frightful to look at these ledges after a violent and long-continued south or south-east wind. Many and horribly tragical were the maritime disasters which had taken place within my young recollection upon these same ledges. I had stood upon the cliff, within twenty rods of my father's cabin, and seen, without being able to extend succour, the gallant ship *Merrimack*, laden with the choicest merchandise of the East, strike upon a ledge of rocks, at

seven in the morning, and at two in the afternoon not a plank of her remain, nor a single being in existence of those who navigated her thither. I had assisted to take from a stranded bark, in the shrouds and stays of which they had lashed themselves, seven men, frozen to death in a winter storm. I could fill a volume with the tragical occurrences I witnessed while a resident upon the Atlantic coast.

Few of the visitors of New England have been much in love with the scenery of her marine border. Presenting, for the greater part of a distance of five hundred m^{is}es, an almost continuous chain of rocks and ledges, with here and there a bleak sandy beach, or a wooded waste, or "barren," or a sluggish and stagnant lake, there are few situations on her shores which have led to a breach of the commandment which forbids our coveting our neighbour's possessions. If one finds pleasure in surveying the ocean when it is agitated by high winds, and curling frightfully over the ledges, and dashing against the rocky bluffs, he may find, or rather cannot choose but find, situations very much to his liking. But he who loves to see external

nature at rest, and worships the placid and beautiful rather than the sublime and terrible, and enjoys no pleasure but rather derives pain from witnessing the discords of the elements, and listening to their continual noise, must go at least fifteen miles from the sea-coast of New England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR father called us from our beds the next morning at the usual hour, and went out with us to remark upon the condition of the weather. A calmer and more beautiful morning I never saw at that season of the year, it might well have been taken for a May morning. If it had not been for the remains of a temple of snow, (of Michael's erection,) which the sun was fast condemning to desecration, one would have been extending his nostrils to inhale the odour of May flowers. It was neither raw nor chilly, as the air of a March morning is apt to be. The light current of wind which swept up the long deep valley, upon one side of which, or rather upon a knoll jutting into it, our cabin stood, wanted entirely the frosty mist which usually, at that season of the year and period of the morning, fills the lowlands and marshy bottoms. Except

in the valley it was perfectly calm, save when you ran or walked fast, when a slight breeze met you, just enough to give you breath for the race, while it pointed a moral—for it reminded you of the opposition which the rich and powerful encounter in their undertakings from a world only austere and repulsive to the lowly sinner. Reader! has it never occurred to you, at these moments, that there was this resemblance between the “counter-puff” of a slightly rarefied atmosphere and the opposition of mankind to a master-spirit! It was one of the first philosophical comparisons I ever drew.

I was speaking, before philosophy drew me aside, of the singular loveliness of the morning which ushered in the most eventful day of my existence. The ocean, which lay spread out before us in all its glory, seemed a vast sheet of glass, an immense mirror, made for the deities of night, the moon and stars, to see their resplendent faces in. There was not a breath of air to break its repose, which was that of a sleeping infant, save upon the very edge of the strand, where a few ripples murmured and fretted a little, supplying a continuation

to my simile of the infant, to the moment of its waking, and moaning for nourishment. To add to the splendour and beauty of the scene, that bright phenomenon of the Arctic skies, the *aurora borealis* had lit up the northern parts of the heavens with its singular and lurid effulgence. Associating its tinge of redness with the yellow beams of the moon, it produced upon the broad folds of a cloud just sinking away in the south-east a very unusual shade of light. An astrologer, abroad to cast a horoscope, might have made something of it.

The boatmen of the hamlet were chiefly on the shore before us. We found them busy preparing their boats.

"A charming morning this, Uncle Eb," said my father, to an old and experienced fisherman, by name Ebenezer Gill, who had acquired great reputation in his line of business, and whose opinions regarding the weather, were more valued than those of any almanac-maker of the time. "The town of ———," resumed my father, "will be a hundred pounds richer to night, Eben Gill, than it is now."

"Why, y—e—s, 'tis as you say, a fine morning, a mighty fine morning. I *raally* wish it wasn't half so fine." And the observant old man gave a knowing look at the sky and the ocean, and placed himself in the attitude of listening.

"Why, surely, you don't think it—a—weather-breeder, do you?" asked my father, while the boatmen generally crowded around us, to hear the opinion of one so fitted to impart valuable information upon the weather, and, usually, so chary of doing it.

"Y—e—s, I do," replied he, adding, in a half-whisper, as though he was communicating a piece of intelligence which would be unpleasant to some to hear, "'Tis the twenty-first of March—the sun crosses the Line day after to-morrow."

"Very true," ejaculated several of the boatmen.

"There's the Lyin' (Line) gale upon the back of this sweet morning, neighbours."

"Why, now, I declare I sees nothing at all of what uncle Eb. is talking about," said Peter Pepper, a forward and presuming boy. "But then I never wears specs."

"That's because you are a boy, and a—fool, Pete, and know no better," answered the angry old boatman. "The signs of the sea and the signs of the land are all against us, Pete. The sheep and the out-a-door cattle have been feeding, or trying to feed, for it isn't much they can get now, the live-long night, and that's a true sign of a storm. And hark ye, Simon, do just listen to the roar of the sea upon the "Sow and Pigs" and the "Hen and Chickens,"—(two ledges, which bore those several names)—that's a sign I never knew to fail. And didn't you see how Washqua-Hill loomed yesterday? Jack Reeve did, for he spoke about it to my Debby. However, we may take a score or two of your *raal* first comers, your forty-two pounders before it comes on to blow hard. It is a good time for halibut, too, and a piece of the fin of that fish is worth a wet jacket and a hard row, at any time."

So saying, he applied his shoulder to the stem of his boat, having previously removed the *shores*, or props, which prevented it from falling on its side, and laid under its keel, a number of round sticks of wood, technically called "skids," to keep

it from the sand, when, with a cry of "now, now she goes," uttered simultaneously, and in concert by all who assisted in launching her—just as the men employed at the capstern, or the windlass of a man-of-war, in "setting up stays," "stretching new rigging," or raising the anchor, shout their boisterous "yo heave ho," she was deposited in her proper element. The same course was pursued with all, each assisting the other, until the whole were launched, ballasted, and prepared for their departure. In ten minutes, or less, the miniature fleet, about twenty in number, were in "sailing trim," and conditioned for their twelve hours voyage.

We all rowed out together, as far as the "Inner Ground," where the greater part of the boats anchored, and commenced fishing. The uncommon beauty of the morning, and the reasonable prospect of better sport, together with the disposition we all have to strive for that which is remote and contingent, in preference to that which is near at hand, and more certain, tempted the remainder, amongst whom were ourselves, to go out to the "Middle Ground," two miles further. Not find-

ing fish as plenty there, as we hoped to have done, we, I mean myself and brothers, young, ardent, fearless, and to use an approved, and on this occasion, appropriate phrase, "fool-hardy," drew up our "kedge," as a boat-anchor is usually called, and rowed out to the Little Round Shoal, more than four leagues from the shore, and a league beyond the farthest stopping place of the most venturesome of our companions. No one followed us in this mad enterprise, and many was the hearty laugh we enjoyed at the expense of the "cowardly fellows, who remained tied to their mother's apron-strings, within call of their daddies."

"Who would have thought, now, that Bill Condar had no more spunk in him?" said James.

"I," answered John, "I always knew he was a great, lubberly, chicken-hearted fellow ever since he let little Oliver Crosby flog him."

Not a few were the other jibes which passed, at the expense of others of our comrades, and many were the "shots let fly" at them, by my lively and fun-loving brothers.

As the sun neared the zenith, the signs of the

approaching hurricane or equinoctial storm became more apparent. That glorious orb seemed a ball of fire, and to wade with difficulty through the surcharged atmosphere. Still it was perfectly calm, and for a while smooth as the surface of a lake from which the winds are fenced by a thick foliage. Gradually there arose small ripples which swelled into billows, and these broke into sheets of foam, in the absence of any wind, or other apparent cause to vex them. That cause existed amidst the other inexplicable mysteries of nature, and the material world, though veiled from the eyes of men, with a thousand other things, which, doubtless, it is not good nor profitable for them to know.

Nor were other signs—such as should not have been neglected,—wanting of the approach of the tempest. The feathered tribes, whom nature has gifted with a wonderful perception of approaching danger, seemed to be struck with great consternation, and to be preparing for some dreaded convulsion. That shrewd and cautious old fellow, the sea-gull, who had been to the fresh-water ponds for his breakfast of fish, was now, to the great joy

of his bitter enemy and rival, the crow, beheld winging his flight to sea, gaining an offing, as is his wont when instinct informs him of an approaching hurricane. Others of his tribe, a little more tardy in their movements, but with the same purpose in view, were seen performing their spiral evolutions in the mid-heavens, the while screaming in chorus with the noisy loon which preludes a storm, by a cry nearly resembling the baying of a deep-throated hound. Innumerable flocks of black fowls, such as sea-coots, "isle o' shoals," "old wives," a species of small duck, so denominated from their incessant scolding and blustering, were gaining, in the language of fowlers, a "windward station,"—every thing gave evidence, that a tempest would speedily burst upon us.

A little after meridian, a breeze sprung up from the north-east. At its commencement it was a very gentle breeze, scarce sufficient to have endangered the safety of an inexperienced boy navigating a pleasure-boat with a man-of-war's mizen for his sail. Soon the wind became unsteady—at times tranquil, and then wheugh! a blast would sweep across you, which would fairly

come within the definition of that lesser degree of tempest which your fear-nothing, dare-devil description of sailors call a "cap-full of wind." This passed, there would ensue a calm, from which a lighted candle need have asked no favour.

It was now that old Mr. Gill, never loth to bestow the benefit of his experience upon others, placed a waft at the head of his little mast to warn us in. A few minutes after he departed for the shore wearing it still, and in addition another half-way up the mast or "half-mast," the well known signal of distress, to signify the danger we were in. But we paid no attention to these signals. We had a good boat, and were all of us excellent rowers, and besides were exceedingly ambitious of the honour of being last to "strike the sand." Then the fish had just "struck in," or become plenty, and to return with a loaded boat when others had failed, to be able to say, with a shrug to our companions, "I'll *give* you a fish," would be something to boast of, and pass good-natured jokes about for the next two days. I believe, however, that the greater part of the blame should rest upon myself. My brothers were little better, at any time, than

passive instruments of my pleasure, blind executors of my will. They had been so long in the habit of yielding to me, and of suppressing their wishes till they knew mine, that it is not strange they were silent now. I recollect, however, that I caught their eyes several times anxiously turned towards the shore, and once Timothy openly spoke of his wish to go back. But I hushed him with a story of the honour we should gain by outstaying the whole fleet, and returning with a full fare besides.

In the meantime the gale kept increasing, but then the fish came "thicker and faster," and "a few minutes more," we said to each other, "can neither make nor break."

We had nearly filled our boat with fine fish, old Mr. Gill's "forty-two pounders," and were at the very instant to set out for the shore, when a vessel appeared in the south-east, close-hauled upon the wind, to use the nautical phrase, with her star-board tacks on board, which means that she was sailing with the wind upon her right-hand bow. The wind was about north-east, and she was steering north-west. We soon made her out to be a

large ship, with no ports visible, probably a merchant-man. We could see that she wore at her mizen-peak the customary signal for a pilot. I proposed to my brothers that we should row out to her, and, as we were acquainted with all the shoals and ledges for twenty miles east and as many west of our hamlet, that we should offer to conduct her into either of the adjacent harbours of ——— and ———. They of course said "yes," as they always did to any thing of my proposing. At the moment when the gale had increased so much that it was with great difficulty we could propel our boat to windward at all, and we could see that our companions were straining every nerve for the land, we set out to speak the unknown vessel more than a league to leeward of us.

We had rowed a mile or more towards her, when all at once we saw her take in the flag, which denoted her wish for a pilot, and shaking the reefs out of her topsails, and slackening her weather-braces and bowlines, keep away, as if determined not to be spoken. This was not a pleasant discovery to us, caught more than twelve miles from

the shore, night near at hand, and a storm just ready to burst upon us. The intentions of the object which had seduced us into this further peril—may God forgive those who directed her movements! they have lives to answer for—were soon made more fully apparent. While we lay viewing her, the main top-gallant sail, and the courses were loosed and set, her yards were squared, and she was steered away from the land, leaving us, whom her governors must have seen, to the perils and horrors of a stormy night in a boat, the keel of which was only eighteen feet in length.

And now commenced our hardships. With the greatest exertions we were capable of making, our progress towards the shore was inconsiderable. The wind continued increasing, and with it the number and magnitude of my own special trials. My brothers, who never had much fortitude, were disposed to lie down, and suffer themselves to be swallowed up by the waves without resistance. It required a vigorous exertion of the power I had gained over them to rouse them to the simplest effort for our preservation. "We must be drowned," said they, "why then should we toil." I

thought such a catastrophe nearly unavoidable, but a natural disposition to buffet with danger to the last moment, together with a kind of instinctive feeling that I was born for something better than had yet fallen to my lot, encouraged me to do further battle with the elements, and I succeeded in imparting a small portion of my own resolution to my less sanguine brothers. "Pshaw!" said I to them; "what! give up at the first appearance of danger? why, after all, boys, there is but a cap full of wind. John, you have the lee after oar, which is much the hardest, and besides you are not so strong as I am, come forward, my boy, and let me take your place. There, that will do, and now we will have a cup of mother's ginger-tea before you can say Jack Robinson."

We continued to force our boat through the billows and foam until the doing so nearly cost us our lives. A surge broke over us, and filled our boat half full of water. If we had not previously lightened it of more than half the fish we had taken, it must have sunk on the spot. By the providence of God we were enabled to bale out the water before another surge came. Finding

we could make no headway towards the shore, and that the attempt to propel the boat thitherward was fraught with great danger, we adopted the only remaining alternative—we kept its head to the wind, and used just the degree of exertion that was requisite to enable us, in the language of the sea, to “hold our own,”—that is, keep the boat from drifting still farther to leeward. There was no possibility of our reaching the shore till the tempest should be abated of half its violence, and the morning sun and a clearer atmosphere should discover to us the point of coast we had left.

Darkness, pitchy darkness, now set in. In the sublime language of the beautiful parable, “the rains beat, and the winds blew,” not, indeed, “upon a house built upon the sand,” but upon a still frailer dwelling on a far more unstable element.

Never was there a more fearful night than this. Soon after dark it began to thunder and lighten, and it continued to do so for six or seven hours. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind whistled and moaned fearfully in the ears of the four poor boys, cast desolate upon a midnight ocean. It was so dark that, save when the light-

nings glared, displaying the white and foaming crest of the billows, you could not see your hand at the distance of a foot from your face. Add to this, that we were compelled to keep baling incessantly, and the reader will have an imperfect idea of the labours and horrors which fell to our share to do and to suffer on that dreadful night.

To add to the terrors of the scene, there came booming to us, about ten o'clock, that terrific note of distress, the report of a signal cannon. It was fired, as I afterwards learned, by the ship which had assisted to lead us into this dangerous situation, then, in the attempt to make a harbour, stranded amongst breakers, which, before the sun of the next morning rose, swept her and her whole crew, with the exception of a single individual, into eternity. It is very mournful any where, and at any time, to listen to sounds which attest the distress and agony of our fellow-creatures—it is so amidst the dying on the field of battle, or the deck of a ship, as I know from experience, for I have seen both ; but far more terrific and appalling is the sound of a signal cannon, heard at sea in the pauses of a midnight tempest. I cannot tell

you what a shuddering it creates in your whole frame as it comes booming through the darkness. I can have no conception of any thing to equal it for solemn and awful majesty. The first clod thrown upon the coffin of an aged man, who has died with the prospect of a happy rising, sends a thrill of awe through the soul; and the notes of a muffled drum mourning for a patriot warrior, and the tolling of a distant bell at midnight, for instance, a convent bell amongst the mountains of Spain or Italy, have much sublimity in them; but they are nothing compared to the sound which travels from the "deep-throated" cannon, to announce the scath and peril of the mariner. I have heard it several times, may I never hear it again.

But the Being who presides over the elements, and gives to the life of man its metes and bounds, preserved us through this dreadful night. Towards morning the thunder ceased, though it still continued to blow hard, and the rain to pour down in torrents. The wind had veered—northwardly we supposed, for the sea was less agitated than it had been, which we attributed to the wind's blowing

more directly off the land. Another supposition, and one having about an equal chance for correctness with the former, was, that we had drifted under the lee of some shoal, or ledge, which broke the force of the wind, and hence operated to produce a comparatively quiet condition of the waves.

When daylight came, we could discover nothing of the land we had left, nor were any of the shoals or ledges, which were found in every direction for near thirty miles from the shore, visible to us. Not a vessel or craft of any kind was in sight; with the exception of a few gannets, some sea-fowl plying to windward—"Oh," said James, "if we only had their wings, my brothers, to fly back to our friends,") a flock of the birds called, by sailors, Mother Carey's chickens, and a shoal of unwieldy, but frolicsome porpuses, we were, apparently, alone, by ourselves, on the ocean. Compass we had none; but we supposed ourselves able to judge with tolerable correctness of the bearing of the fishing hamlet from the aforesaid supposed shift of wind, and from our knowledge that, on the coast of New England, the wind veering from north-east, northerly, generally abides a few hours at some

point between north by east and north-west. But this knowledge, grounded on experience, availed us nothing. The wind still blew very hard ; and fatigue had so impaired our strength, and hunger had so weakened us for labour, that we could not have rowed the boat against it, even if it had been abated of half its violence. As it was, I saw it was idle to make any exertion, except that of keeping the boat free from water, and using our eyes to see if succour should be approaching in the shape of a " bark of hope." The day passed away in vain expectations that the wind would shift, so as to enable us, by the use of our sail, to return to the land ; or that a vessel would come across us, and take us on board.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE second night we slept by turns, two and two, for the wind gradually went down—in the beautiful and poetical language of the North American Indians, “retired to his resting-place in the caverns, that he might come out refreshed for his race over the green prairies of the earth.” In the course of the night the clouds dispersed, and the glittering moon, and stars, the brightest I ever saw, came out from behind them. The sun of the third day rose, bright and glorious, giving pleasure to innumerable myriads of creatures and things, but none to us. Instead of food for hope, or cause for joy, there was a fresh sorrow added to the list of those which were already bowing us to the grave. It was obvious that our brother John was fast sinking into the arms of death. He had not been able for some time to endure much hardship,

and was thought by many to be going into a decline. Our father thought him unfit to meet the toils of a day of common exertion, and opposed his coming in the morning ; how much more was he incapable of encountering those of two days of tempest and exposure, such as we had encountered. Still, it was only in his face that we beheld death approaching. He made no complaints, asked no questions, said nothing about home, or friends, or deliverance, or food, or water, subjects which occupied the others continually, but showed a kind of apathetical indifference to his fate. By throwing over him such of our clothing as we could spare, we contrived to keep off some of the wet and cold, and, as far as lodging went, to make him tolerably comfortable. Had we possessed a plentiful supply of food and water, we might, perhaps, have kept him alive for some days longer. But the whole quantity of victuals we had taken with us would scarce have sufficed for the dinner of a man of ordinary appetite; and the stock of rain-water we had saved in the boat-bucket was speedily very low :—he was dying of hunger and thirst.

About nine o'clock in the evening he called to me, low and plaintively, "Lynn!"

"I am here, my brother, at your side," I answered.

"Are we at home?" asked he.

"No, John," I answered.

"Hist! yes, we are, I am sure. There! I hear our mother's voice," said he very faintly.

"Oh, John, that cannot be," said I; "why, we are fifty, perhaps a hundred, miles from the shore. At any rate, we have been amongst the Gulf-weed for hours, and that, you know, is a sure sign that we are very near the Gulf-Stream."

"I can't help that, my brother; I am sure I heard her voice. She was singing that beautiful hymn which she loves so much to hear you sing, and which you sing so well; for your voice, you know, is the only very good one in the family.

" 'Oh, Grave, where is thy victory!

Oh, Death, where is thy sting!'

"It was mere fancy, John," said I, nearly choked with tears.

"It was not fancy, Lynn; I heard her as plain

as I hear your voice now, my brother. There ! there again ! Oh, my dear mother ! if I could only lay my aching head upon your bosom. And, hist ! there is father's voice, too : he is calling to some people a great distance off, and telling them that he shall be with them by and by. I know the meaning of it now, my dear brother : I am going to die, and these sounds are the forerunners of my death. Wake James and Timothy."

James and Timothy were called, and to them he repeated that he was dying.

" Oh, I hope not," said Timothy, encouragingly. " You are very ill, John, and think very much about home, and that is the reason why you fancy you hear the voices of your friends. Cheer up, John ; take heart, my brother, and we will have many a merry row together yet."

" Don't speak that way, Timothy," said the dying boy, " don't speak that way. Other thoughts should now occupy my mind, and I think your's— thoughts of another world, and of the punishment we have deserved for our sins. Lynn, do you think there is hope for me beyond the grave ? Answer me ; for you are better read in the Bible

than I am, and have more learning;—is there any hope for your poor sinful brother?"

"There is hope, John, for all who repent, and sincerely ask forgiveness," answered I. "Your offences have been light offences, my brother, and if any one may hope to be pardoned, surely it is you. You must ask God to forgive you, and it is my belief that, if you ask in sincerity, he will."

"But do you know, my dear brothers, that we have not prayed since this calamity befel us!"

"It is indeed true," said James; "what would mother say, if she knew we had been three days without prayer? what would our good father say, if he knew that we had received such great mercies, and forgot to thank the Giver of them? We were not taught this neglect in our father's house."

"It is not too late to pray yet," said the sufferer. "And oh! now! quick! pray quick, for I feel that I am going. Pray for my poor soul, and pray for father, and mother, and Sally, and all the rest of them."

We knelt down in the boat, around him, and I, at the request of my brothers, and according to the best of my ability, offered up the prayers,

which were required by his situation and ours. When I had finished, he asked us to sing the beautiful hymn to which he had referred, and which went, in our house, by the name of "Mother's favourite."

"Vital spark of heavenly flame !

Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,

Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life.

"Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,

' Sister spirit, come away.'

What is this absorbs me quite,

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

"The world recedes—it disappears,

Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

Oh, Grave ! where is thy victory ?

Oh, Death ! where is thy sting ?"

While we were singing the two first stanzas of this hymn, we heard, occasionally, a low moan

from him ; but during the last he was perfectly silent. When we had finished it, James raised him up, and asked him “ how he felt now ?”—he spoke to a lifeless corpse.

We did not commit him to the ocean ; but, with the hope that we might yet be permitted to inter him on the land, perhaps in the old mossy church-yard at ——, we wrapt up his remains in the boat-sail, and laid him down in the bottom of the boat.

Nothing now remained for the survivors but to wait patiently the appointed time for our deliverance or death. In the meantime we grew weaker and weaker every hour. Water failed us, food we had none, and, worse than all, there was a peevish and fault-finding spirit growing upon us, as if our present calamities were not enough, and we must increase them, by a sundering of the bonds which had hitherto held us in more than brotherly love and affection. My brothers upbraided me incessantly with having brought them into this dreadful situation. It was my madness, they said, which had led us into the enterprise which must end in the death of all. For a long time I bore their up-

braidings with patience, confessed my fault, and begged them not to blame me ; but, wearied out at length by them, and my resolution to avoid discord overborne by hunger, and thirst, and excess of suffering, I answered sharply and angrily, and even raised my hand to strike poor James. But when the momentary flash of anger had subsided, and the recollection of our hitherto unvarying tenderness returned to our minds, we all three sat down, and wept like children. And it seemed as if the spirit of our departed brother smiled upon us, and that even the winds were balmier, and waves more tranquil, while we embraced, and kissed each other, and took a solemn oath that, come a greater degree of suffering, if it might, or look more hideous the aspect of death, if it could, we would frown no more on each other.

The fourth day passed, and still no succour. The weather—there is a well-known proverb, “ after a storm comes a calm,”—was remarkably fair and serene ; I never saw it finer. The ocean lay slumbering like an unweaned child, the breeze merely raising a slight fretwork on its bosom. To add to my other afflictions, it was apparent the

reason of my brother James was leaving him. He insisted that there was bread and meat in the boat, which we had hidden from him, and bade us produce it; and a keg of cool water, which he said we were towing astern, and from which we had repeatedly slaked our own thirst, leaving him to perish of a burning fever in the heart, which we knew water would assuage. We could not reason him out of the strange fancy, for who can speak with effect to the understanding of a madman? Then he became fearfully angry, and tried to wrest from us the fancied treasure. And when he could no where find it, "we had eaten up the victuals, and drank the water," he said, "and must forthwith disembowel them." He became at length so dangerous that, to prevent him from doing injury to himself or to us, we were compelled to bind him. But while I dozed in a momentary oblivion of suffering, his tears and entreaties, aided by the usual protestations of perfect sanity, so won upon the affectionate heart of my brother Timothy that he unbound him.

I was waked from my fitful slumber by a sound like that of the falling of a heavy body upon the

water. It was my maniac brother, who, while his liberator slept, caught, in his arms, the lifeless body of my brother John, and plunged with it into the ocean. We asked, pleaded with him to return. "No," he said, "he would go on shore, and bury Johnny. He had been dead more than a year, the weather was very warm, he wouldn't keep, and the flies would get in his body. And he would swim on shore, and see how they all did, and kiss Mother and Sally, and get some fresh bait, and a supply of water and biscuit, and come back again." In vain we tried threats, he could not be persuaded to relinquish the corpse, but continued to cling to it with all his power. Our strength was so impaired that we could not row the boat so fast as he, now gifted with supernatural energies, could swim. He continued shouting and hurraing with all his strength, admonishing us to keep a good look out and wait for him where we then were. But his strength was soon exhausted. We saw him grow weaker and weaker, at first in his lungs and then in his limbs, till, at last, he went down without a struggle. He sunk when we were not more than the length

of the boat from him, and continued himself, to the final gasp, the custodier of the body of our deceased brother.

There were now only two of us left, and we the weakest and most miserable of all God's creatures. Our feelings now began to rise in rebellion against the Arbiter of our fates, and to complain that he had been partial to our brothers, and spared them the greater calamity. "I have frequently heard our ministers talk of election and predestination," said Timothy. "Do you think, Lynn, that God has said we shall die for want of food and water? Oh, how beautiful it would be, my brother, to drink out of the old moss-covered bucket. And how sweet would be the crusts which the old dog—" He could proceed no farther, but burst into tears, and mine flowed as freely as his.

With the hope rendered yet more ardent by the conversation I have repeated that I might wake in some world where there would be plenty of food and water, I lay down to sleep in the bottom of the boat, leaving Timothy stretched out upon the "thwarts," watching for the hoped-for sail. Then,

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for the first time, since leaving home, I was visited by the apparitions of memory. I saw, as plain as I saw them on the day before my departure, my dear father, with his locks just turning to silver, and the sweet face of my kind mother, the former seated, with a spy-glass, on his wonted observatory, the sand-hill, the latter employed in cooking the evening repast of the family. There was the old larch, and beneath it, lovely as an angel, and mild as—herself, my beloved and lovely Mary. There was Sally playing with her pet lamb, and Michael flying his kite. Then there came a more general view of the scenes of home. I saw the fishing hamlet, and, behind it, the lofty forests of oak and pine, my father's cabin, and the long deep valley, just beginning to wear the green livery of spring. And, oh! unutterable bliss! there was the clear, cold brook in the middle of it, gurgling, and bubbling, and dancing along through its fringe of alders and grape-vines, noisy as a healthy child of ten, released from a prolonged attendance on the village schoolmaster. Its water was a treat at any time, how much more, now, when I was dying of thirst. And it was fretting

noisily away, over its bed of pebbles, as if it too had cause of grief. And Mary! dear Mary! there were the stile, and the bridge, and the ant-hill, and she was again the patient teacher, and I the attentive and happy school-boy.

But the most blissful dream, even the dream of life, the dream of ambition, and that yet dearer dream, the dream of love, must have an end, and so had mine. When I awoke, the sun was just setting, his beams shading the white folds of the western clouds with a veil of purple and gold. When I had shaken off the stupor, which attends the waking from a sickly sleep, and had recovered the use of my dimmed and dizzied faculties, I found myself alone. It was some minutes before I could convince myself of the fact. I know not—never shall know what became of my brother Timothy. He was of a rugged constitution, and had supported the miseries, and borne up against the horrors of our situation, much better than the other brothers, always appearing patient and collected, never giving way to useless regrets, nor indulging in gloomy anticipations. The only reasonable guess to be made at his fate, short of

accounting for his disappearance upon the doctrine of direct supernatural interference, is that he became suddenly insane, like James, and, like him, perished, by his own deed, in the ocean.

I felt my strength decaying so fast that I had little expectation of living through the night. It came a beautiful evening, the stars shone out clear and twinkling, the moon rose bright and round, and there was a gentle breeze to gladden the heart of him who might be traversing that latitude of ocean to the arms of "wife, children, and friends." About midnight, as I judged from the height of the moon, I heard a voice, which seemed that of a sailor answering to the call of a superior, and, soon after, a sound like the music of a violin stealing across the lonely waste of waters. I even fancied I could distinguish the notes of "Hearts of Oak," the tune which has preluded so many glorious triumphs of the British marine. At first I thought it all sheer illusion, the mere reelings of a brain about to be forsaken of its reason, seeing strange sights and hearing strange noises, as my brother James had done at the

coming on of his insanity. Gradually the music approached, and the voices grew articulate. I could hear the shrill call of the boatswain's mate, and the commands of the master, "lower away!" "A small pull more on the starboard fore-topsail brace!" "There! that's well! belay that!" and the gruff "ay, ay, sir!" of the tar. I raised myself with difficulty, for I was every moment growing weaker, and there—close by—within ten rods of me—oh, glorious sight!—oh, supreme felicity!—was a tall ship, moving majestically past, her white sails shining in the silver moonlight,—three tiers of guns,—yards, tops, and shrouds black with men,—a creature she seemed of beauty and glory. Suffering had dimmed my eyes very much, but I could plainly see that she was a very large man-of-war, with all her sails, even to the smallest, crowded upon her. She was not at the time more than ten rods from me. I hallooed with all my strength, and shouted "help! help!" at the top of a pair of lungs which used to have high praise bestowed upon them for their efficiency in that kind of exercise, but were now graduated to a much lower key.

Having ceased shouting, for the purpose of

listening, I heard, from a man in the main-chains, the exclamation—"A man overboard!"

"There is," replied a hoarse harsh voice; "and what business had he there, I want to know?"

"Can't exactly tell, sir; fun, may be; but here's Dick says 'tis the Yankee greenhorn, from No. 5, gone to look for one of his granny's apple-dumplings. Shall we lower away the boat, or let the sharks have him? Howsomever, sir, they never will eat him; too cunning a fellow is Mr. Shark for that."

The boat was lowered, and, before three minutes had passed, I and my "three-decker," as the tars called my boat, were taken alongside.

"Shall I hide the handspikes, and the marline-spikes, and the crow, and the spare scrapers?" asked a voice which I knew to be that of the sailor addressed as "Jo."

"Why, Jo?" asked the gruff voice.

"Because, sir, I takes him to be a very hungry man, and a little flared into the bargain. His first push, barring water, will be for something to eat?"

"True, Jo; but he must be kept short at first.

Ay, Jo, he must be put upon very short allowance for the first week."

" Make it up, sir, by the rule which governs the ship's steward, and I'll be bound to say he never comes to harm."

" What do you say?"

" Do that, and he will never come to harm by reason of over-eating."

" How is that, Jo?"

" Come to the mess, sir, when the bell rings to grub, and you'll see, sir."

Jo was one of those happy beings who are favourites, and may say any thing.

The due orders were taken for my being fed sparingly on light food, and put to bed, and undisturbed rest. Behold me, then, rescued from the grave, which had swallowed up my three poor hapless brothers.

END OF VOL I.

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